HAD NO COMPETITOR AS A LOCAL PAPER. THE HERALD.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME ALL THE LOCAL NEWS.

VOL. XVIII., NO. 5652 PORTSMOUTH, N. H THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903. The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged with The Herald, July 1, 1902. PRICE 2 CENTS

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No. 2 Water Street.

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not be surpassed for beauty and comfort in the home. They are also inexsive. We make a specialty of furnishing this class of bricks in all shades ed in lots from 50 bricks upwards. Bricks are carefully selected and ted in straw and small lots are shipped in barrels. We also manufactnre

ILLIONS OF FACE BRICKS, CHIMNEY, SEWER AND COMMON BRICKS.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

RBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS AND TABLETS

All work set with foundation of stone and cement. First-class work and reasonable prices.

JOHN H. DOWD,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

AT PEVERLY BROOK

Water Works Addition There Completed.

BASIN NOW CLEARED AND FILLED WITH WATER.

Water Is Clear And Especially Suited For Boilers.

WHILE TRACING LEAK IN PIPES THAT MR. YEATON MET DEATH.

The new addition to the Portsmouth water works at Peverly brook, in Newington, is practically completed.

The dam was finished last winter, and the basin is now cleared and filled with water.

The pumping engine has been installed and tested, water being pumped into the Haven Springs last week.

The old wooden pipe line through which the water from Peverly brook basin will be pumped to the Rockingham Light and Power station on Daniel street, was tested last Tuesday, but a break was discovered in the Harry Freeman field on Islington street.

The old wooden pipe line comes across from Haven Springs through the Morley Button factory property, and the Boss fields, to West street, thence to Middle street, to State stret, through Mulberry street to the power plant.

It was while tracing the line for the leak that Robert Yeaton was killed on Tuesday noon.

Mr. Muchmore walked across lots, following the pipe line, while Mr. Yeaton drove the team around by the road. He was to have met Mr. Muchmore on Islington street.

The leak discovered is now being repaired and the pipe will be again tested, but several breaks are expected before the water can be turned on for good.

The quality of the water is clear. It makes excellent drinking water and is especially suited for boilers.

SCOTTISH RITE MASONS.

Arrangements For the Annaul Convention to Be Held on Fast Day.

The committee for the annual convention of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Masons, which is held in the Valley of Nashua on Fast day, is completing arrangements. It is expected that the attendance will be the largest in the annals of the order.

It was the intention to have secured a hall large enough to comfortably accommodate all, but satisfactory arrangements could not be made and therefore the work will be conferred at the temple as heretofore. The entertainment for visiting knights will be provided outside.

To meet this condition carpenters have been putting up a temporary balcony on each side of the lodge room. It will be reached by stairs from the east This balcony will cover the seats now on the floor. It will have two rows of seats with a passageway in the rear.

It is expected that this will make an additional seating capacity of about two hundred, which will relieve the crowded condition and in no wise interfere with the work. The balcony is built so that it can be taken down and stored for future use.

The growth of the Scottish Rite order in the state will necessitate further improved conditions and has therefore revived the talk concerning the advisability of putting another story on the temple, to be devoted wholly to the order.

DEATH BY BURNING.

South Hampton Family Narrowly Escaped Such a Fate.

Joseph J. J. Sawyer, his wife and children of South Hampton had a narrow escape from being burned to death on Wednesday in a fire which destroyed Mr. Sawyer's house, barn and outbuildings. Had it not been for the timely discovery of the flames by a passing neighbor, it is believed that the family would not have been able to escape. A strong east wind was blowing from the sea and it was realized that it was impossible to save any part of the Sawyer property.

Mr. Sawyer places the total loss at $5,000, with an insurance of $1,200. There were four cows, a horse and a lot of poultry in the barn and these were all burned to death. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Mr. Sawyer is chairman of the board of selectmen of South Hampton.

NEW BUSINESS VENTURE.

A Bakery That Will Appeal To Portsmouth's High Class Trade.

It will be a matter of public interest to know that Portsmouth now has a bakery the proprietor of which has achieved a most enviable reputation as a fancy baker in some of the best hotels in America.

For several years patrons of the Rockingham and Wentworth have had ample reason for singing the praises of Mr. Julius Arnold, and previous to this he has held the responsible position of chief pastry cook in Delmonico's, the Grand Hotel, St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels in New York, and at White Sulphur Springs and Newport. Mr. Arnold has recently established himself in business on Hanover street, having bought out Welch's bakery. Here he will doubtless receive a liberal patronage from the people of Portsmouth and surrounding towns who appreciate par excellence in the production of first class cookery and the attainment of the most perfect ideals in his profession which his long years of satisfactory experience may faithfully assure.

Mr. Arnold is a German. He still clings to his mother tongue with more fondness than for English, yet it is evident that he has little difficulty in persuading people of the rare desirability of his admirable confections. He has been in this country for over twenty years, and during the time has worked for others. Now he proposes to strike out for himself, and if true merit is the essential quality that brings success, our little German friend may reasonably expect to reap an abundant harvest.

Mr. Arnold will have his specialties —delicacies that can be found nowhere else in Portsmouth and things to delight the heart of every housekeeper.

MISS BENNETT'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Services Of Portsmouth's Talented Daughter In Great Demand.

Miss M. Louise Bennett of Boston and Roslindale, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bennett, returns to her musical duties on Friday morning.

In the afternoon Miss Bennett is to give her able paper on "Oratorios" before the Woman's club of Revere, Mass., and illustrating the same with vocal selections. This is the same paper the versatile young lady presented by invitation at the Unitarian chapel in this city a few weeks since and which had such a hearty reception.

On Friday, April 24, Miss Bennett is to appear in a concert on the final ladies' day of the representative West Roxbury, Mass., club.

On Wednesday evening, April 29, at Peirce hall, Miss Bennett is to be one of the soloists at the concluding musicale under the auspices of the Graffort club and of which Miss Florence G. Marshall is to be director.

FROM THE GAZETTE.

The April number of the Genealogical Quarterly Review contains death and marriage notices from the New Hampshire Gazette prior to 1800 by Otis G. Hammond.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

We put the best in it. You get the best out of it. And the doctors approve. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE UNION LABEL.

'Twill Predominate At The Fair Tonight.

SPLENDID EXHIBIT WILL OPEN IN FREEMAN'S HALL.

Novelties In Abundance To Catch The Eye Of The Crowd.

MANY SOUVENIRS OF REAL VALUE FOR EVERY PERSON WHO ATTENDS.

This evening, the long anticipated Union Label fair will be opened in Freeman's hall and Portsmouth people will be treated to one of the most novel and interesting exhibits ever shown in this city. The members of the committee in charge have worked long and faithfully and the result of their labors will be made manifest tonight.

The object of the fair is told in the designation which has been applied to it. It is intended for the exploitation of the union label and only union made goods will be exhibited. Manufacturers and wholesalers of the products of union labor have taken all the available space and many applications were, perforce, refused, on account of lack of room. Many of the exhibitors, too, were obliged to be content with smaller booths than they had wished.

The number of those who will make displays, however, is large enough to insure the visitor an evening of profitable enjoyment and the different booths will be handsomely decorated and tastefully arranged. Every article exhibited, also, will bear the union label.

All the local labor organizations have been awarded space and the different trades will be represented by appropriately dressed booths.

Souvenirs will be freely distributed among the visitors and all of these will be articles of real value. W. H. Fay will give away 100 tickets each night, which may be exchanged for union made collars at his store. The Hatters' union will present handsome match boxes to the patrons of the fair, samples of U. L. tobacco will be given out and many other articles of use will be dispensed, absolutely free of charge. On Friday evening, which will be observed as Ladies' night, the Boot and Shoe Workers' union will give to each visitor a tape measure five feet in length.

T. C. Leckey, the tobacconist, has given the fair promoters a handsome pipe and Arnold, the baker, will send one of his famous cakes, freshly baked, every evening.

For the entertainment of the crowd, when sightseeing has for the moment become wearisome, Joy and Philbrick's orchestra will render a program of popular music and there will be other attractive features. This evening, John W. Mitchell and Selma H. Wheeler, two of the most popular local soloists, will sing the latest songs in their repertoires and P. J. Mahoney, the well known labor leader of Boston, will deliver an address.

On the final night, a handsome gavel, the gift of the International Wood Workers, will be presented to the union whose members have disposed of the largest number of tickets.

Arrangements have been made with the Portsmouth Electric railway whereby the last car over the Rye line will leave this city at 11.05 p. m. Cars will leave at this hour for Exeter on Saturday evening only.

The fair is given under the auspices of the Central Labor union and the inception and elaboration of the idea does that organization much credit. It is not in any sense a money making scheme, the main idea being to educate the people of the city to ask for the union label when making purchases.

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., April 16.

The young friends of Raymond E. Gerry passed a very pleasant evening at his home in Love Lane, last evening, the occasion being the twelfth anniversary of his birth. Games and amusements dear to the hearts of the young people made the time pass all too quickly. An intricate tangle of cobwebs made lots of work, but two pretty remembrances at the end amply repaid the patience of the searchers. At nine o'clock the host invited his guests to the dining room, where the table was daintily laid, a prettily decorated birthday cake gracing the centre. Ice cream, cake and fruit was served and then came the cutting of the cake. In the distribution of the slices, Mabel Knight secured the slice containing the silver thimble, Ned Shapleigh the gold ring and Ralph Thompson the piece of money. Master Raymond was the recipient of many pretty presents.

Alphia Chickering, formerly a Kittery boy and one who has many friends here, entered the class for examination to fill a position as chief engineer in the Klondike. Out of one hundred who took the examination, he carried off the honors and will leave for the Klondike at once. He is to have charge of a mining plant, and the setting up of the engines. Mr. Chickering is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chickering, formerly of Kittery, but now residing in Cambridge, Mass.

Two young misses on Woodlawn avenue were thrown into hysterics last Monday evening by the action of some person who jumped out upon them suddenly. Other instances of the kind are reported.

The attendance at the I. O. G. T. meeting last evening was extremely small, owing to the severity of the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Knight have taken board for the summer with Mrs. J. C. Rundlett, Echo street.

George Conant has left the Orman house and taken a room at Mrs. W. M. Keene's.

Parents should impress upon the minds of their children the danger of jumping on moving electrics or running along by their side, trying to keep up with them. There is scarcely a day that youngsters are not seen doing this.

This evening. Rev. George E. Leighton of Portsmouth will give a lecture illustrated with seventy-five stereopticon views by W. I. Trafton. This is to benefit Col. M. F. Wentworth camp, Sons of Veterans, which was formed here recently.

B. W. Brooks and brother, who have been doing some diving in the river here, have returned to Beverly, Mass.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles Chickering will be pleased to learn that she has recovered from a recent severe attack of la grippe.

Miss Gertrude Pinkham is quite sick at her home on Austin street.

Mrs. P. J. Kelley is visiting relatives in Cambridge, Mass.

HEAVY REGISTRATION.

Many New Names Being Added to the Voting List.

The board of registration, who are in session at the city building for the special election in May on the license question, report that there has been a larger registration already than for the last city election.

There have been quite a number of new names placed on the list and more are expected after this session of superior court, for many are to get their last papers then.

A DIFFICULT OPERATION.

Dr. Luce of this city and Dr. Blair of Farmington removed a tumor from the mouth of Newman Gary of Farmington on Monday. It was a difficult operation but was successfuly performed.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of John E. Roberts will be held at the home, 1 Sheaf street, Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

COAL SITUATION.

Causes The Dealers Considerable Anxiety.

SO ONE OF THEM TELLS THE HERALD TODAY.

Have Enough On Hand, But Ordering For April Only.

ANOTHER RISE IN THE FREIGHT RATES IS ANNOUNCED.

"The coal situation is causing us almost as much anxiety just at present as it did last fall," said a prominent coal dealer to a reporter for The Herald this morning.

"The news from the mining district is none of the best. There is talk of strikes among the mine workers for the independent operators, who have stated that they are not bound by the finding of the commission, as many of the smaller companies had labor troubles during the investigation.

"The miners did not work on Easter Monday and this means several days before they will all get back.

"Then, again, we have been notified that there has been an increase of twenty-five cents in the freight rates, and taken all in all, the situation leaves us uncertain about the outcome."

While there has been considerable coal arrive during the past few weks, but little of it is for local parties, the greater part being for the railroads and for up the state manufactories.

The local dealers have enough to supply all present wants, but they are taking orders for this month only.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

Rev D. W. Waldron, who for twenty-three years has conducted the work of the Easter Card Mission, and who passes his summers at Rosemary Cottage, Eliot, was not forgotten during the exercises Sunday, though prevented from taking an active part in any of them. The Rev. H. A. Bridgman, upon whom the responsibility fell that day, carried with him a large picture of Mr. Waldron, and with words of appreciation placed it upon table or desk so that those who were confined within doors could see the face they had looked for for so many years. It was a touching tribute to the man and his work and did not seem in the least bit forced.—Boston Journal.

FEW STRAWBERRIES IN YET.

A marketman was asked today by a reporter for The Herald about the strawberry prospects for the season. He replied that there had been very few brought in thus far and that the Southern crop is light. "There ought to be plenty of berries in the market now at twenty cents," he said. "Whether the Delaware and Jersey product will make up later for the present lack, is problematical."

When in Exeter

TRY A

DINNER

AT THE

SQUAMSCOTT HOUSE,

N. S. WILLEY, PROPRIETOR

EXETER, N

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

VERY PERSISTENT.

Mr. McVey Has Connell On The Rack.

FIRES VOLLEY OF QUESTIONS AT THE WITNESS.

Counsel For Lowell Strikers Keeps The Mill Agent Busy.

MANY UNSUBSTANTIATED RUMORS AFLOAT IN THE SPINDLE CITY.

Lowell, Mass., April 15.—The usual crop of rumors have been in circulation here this week regarding developments in the mill strike, but very few of them appear to have a solid basis. Among the reports is one that the manufacturers may decide to offer an advance of five per cent. but this lacks verification. It is not believed moreover, that the strike will be extended to other mill centers in New England at this time as was rumored last night. This project came up for discussion several weeks ago but the financial support of the Lowell strike would be greatly weakened and the large numbers of non union men in Manchester and other mill towns where Lowell mill men are interested would prove a handicap

The state investigation was resumed at city hall today. Chairman Reed requested counsel for the mill owners to furnish the names of competitors It was agreed to provide a list. John J Connell, agent of the Tremont and Suffolk corporation, resumed the witness stand. At the request of Frank E Dunbar, attorney for the mills, Mr Connell rehearsed the condition which led to the last advance in wages in Fall River He told of the large purchases of print cloth by M C D Borden of New York, owner of the Fall River Iron works, the forcing up of the price of cloth and an advance in wages by Mr. Borden in the Iron Works mills The other manufacturers were obliged to follow Mr Borden's action on the wage question.

Edward D. McVey, attorney for the Textile council, then took Mr Connell in hand The agent considered that he was paying as good wages as any body engaged on the same class of work. Mr Connell declined to tell Mr. McVey how many employes he had in his mills, referring the lawyer to the examination of the books in Boston.

Mr Connell would not say if New Bedford advanced wages he would do so He was not "building castles in the air"

Mr Connell had never known of the Lowell mills "splitting" trade Mr McVey labored a long time to get Mr Connell to explain how he compiled his wage rate There was a fixed price list, the agent said

Mr McVey endeavored to have Mr Connell explain why he did not pay spinner as much as was paid spinners in Fall River and New Bedford

"For the same quality and for the same kind of work I am paying just as much," was the reply

An effort to have Mr Connell tell what he paid for yarn spinners per hank resulted in a clash Mr Connell said he did not have the price list

Mr McVey "You have the information in your head and we want it"

Mr Connell stated that he was not an encyclopedia and did not carry prices in his head He was accused of evading questions by McVey, which he denied

Later on Mr McVey said he thought the agents should be put under oath

Mr Connell said it would make no difference if he were under oath

At one p m Mr Connell said he desired to go out of town and wanted to know if Mr. McVey was through with him

"No we haven't finished We have not started with you yet," was the answer

NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

Maine Has No Structural Weakness And Mishaps Were Minor Ones.

Washington, April 15.—That the department officials might be fully advised of the behavior of the Maine on her recent cruise to the Caribbean and of the weakness that developed in the gun mounts of her six inch guns, Captain Eugene H C Leutze, commanding that vessel, arrived in Washington today from Norfolk and personally reported the condition of the ship.

"There is no structural weakness in the Maine" said Captain Leutze. "Her conduct was quite satisfactory, with the exception of the insecurity of the emplacements of the six-inch guns This can easily be remedied and a board of officials with representatives of the Cramps are now inspecting the vessel to determine the extent and cost of repairs necessary."

Captain Leutze denied the report that six men of the Maine had died during her recent cruise. There were only two deaths, that of Lieutenant Alonzo C Baker, from typhoid fever, and a seaman, from pneumonia

The Maine engaged in extensive target practice while in the Caribbean sea, and some satisfactory records were made It is intended that the vessel shall be repaired in time to accompany the North Atlantic fleet on its Azores trip this summer.

VETERANS THERE.

State Department, G. A. R., Now In Camp In The Capitol City.

Concord, April 15.—The thirty-sixth annual encampment of the state department, G A. R., opened this afternoon The only contest expected is for the office of junior vice-commander, the candidates being Capt. Daniel B Newhall of this city and Dr Severance of Exeter Commander-in-Chief Thomas J. Stewart of Pennsylvania, and Senior Vice-Commander Olin, secretary of state of Massachusetts, are guests of the New Hampshire department.

The attendance is fully as large as in previous years. Commander in-Chief Stewart and Senior Vice Olin spoke briefly today, and Commander Carter delivered his annual address.

The Woman's Relief corps assembled in the Pleasant street Baptist church, President Kate L Perkins of Marlow presiding

WHERE PROSPERITY OUTSTRIPS HOME-BUILDING.

It is a most extraordinary disproportion between population and shelter that is reported from Pittsburg in that smoky and clanging city of steel and iron and coal and libraries and wage-earners and millionaires are Mrs. Mary Cook has been making a pilgrimage in search of a home for herself and her children This was not a mase of objection by landlords to the presence of children upon their premises No inducement to race suicide was involved There is no evidence that the offspring of Mrs Cook are either unusually turbulent or too numerous Nor was this a case of destitution. Mrs Cook is able to pay her rent Indeed, she was able to offer exorbitant rent Also, she is of good repute

But this wandering mother, after a day of diligent, but baffling inquiry among the real estate agents of Pittsburg in search of a roof for herself and her brood, is described as falling exhausted in the street. This pitiful climax befell her, as it chanced, in front of the Stock Exchange Chivalrous brokers revived the woman and learning her story, assured Mrs Cook that millions of dollars were back of their pledge to build her a home in a week

Why could not Mrs. Cook find a home? Why should it be necessary to build one for this would-be tenant with a full pocketbook, a sound reputation and normally behaved children?

The answer, in the laconic words of the dispatch narrating this tale is "There are no houses to let in Pittsburg"

This condition, so happy for plethoric landlords, so distressful to wandering homeseekers—for there is no reason to suppose that the case of Mrs Cook is isolated—indicates a congestion in Pittsburg of that prosperity which so generally blesses the length and breadth of this happy land. It means that the demand for labor is so great in western Pennsylvania that mechanics have no time to build houses. Those that exist are overcrowded, and hospitality has become a necessity as well as a courtesy. This abnormal condition must, of course, be temporary. It is a local illustration of the Malthusian theory that will soon correct itself with the aid of the architect, the mason and the carpenter. In the meantime, it is obvious that while there may be persons in Pittsburg without a home, there need be no man there without a job.

SOCIETY.

The History of Society—a volume worth inditing—must, of course, be the product of multifarious collaboration Even in this age of travel and research, no one could do it all alone Still, society, in the sense in which we are considering it, is a comparatively recent and almost local phenomenon Its ancestor in Europe was feudalism—the fighting men, the natural aristocracy—on one side, and their victims and serfs on the other. Today, the traders and hucksters, grown rich, occupy the castles of their late baron masters, and sport their titles, though a remnant of the genuine nobles still survives, terrible examples of what happens to a generation that has outlived its era But the physical force regime, while it lasted, stood on a sounder and juster foundation than does the money power at present in possession; and the latter will hardly last so long as the former did. It is, I repeat, comparatively local as well as recent; it could exist only in countries given up, as are those of Europe and America, to industrialism Nevertheless the world may still offer living examples of society in all its stages, from the most primitive to that which now passes Africa and Asia has each its social organization; and so have the Marquesas, Patagonia and Eskimo and —Julian Hawthorne in "What's Called Society," May Smart Set.

FERTILE IN COMETS.

If calculations are correct, local astronomers and students in astronomy will find much to interest them in the study of the heavens during the present year, as it will be unusually fertile in comets. About September the comet discovered by Faye, in 1843, should appear for the ninth time, and that it will appear is practically certain, since it is a model of regularity and has never failed to show itself when due. In December the Vinecke comet, which has already been observed seven times will probably be seen, and during the same month astronomers will look for the Brooks comet, which hitherto has only been observed twice. In January, 1904, the Arrest comet will arrive at its perihelion ,and a glimpse may be obtained of it as early as November or December, 1903 During this year the Perrine, Giacobini and Spitaler comets will also appear. Of these the Giacobini comet is of unusual interest, since it was only added to the list last January, the fortunate discoverer being M. Giacobini astronomer at the observatory of Marseilles

The high wind destroyed the usefulness of many an umbrella on Tuesday.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, an excellent weekly newspaper having a circulation throughout the land, contains in its issue of yesterday, a just and hopeful editorial discussion of the evolution of the Sunday newspaper. The writer declares that the subject has been so vapidly discussed by the empty-headed that "it is doubtful if even the most intelligent of our philosophers really comprehend the part that it plays in modern life." He is well within the fact when he acknowledges it to be "an instrument of extraordinary power in awakening a taste for reading and a thirst for knowledge in the minds of a class that in other countries read nothing at all and have no desire for self-betterment." After some fair criticism of the tendency that has been exhibited to make Sunday newspaper an illustration of inane and even of maudlin freakishness in both their pictorial and reading contents, the final expression is this:

"The consensus of expert opinion points to a Sunday newspaper of the immediate future which shall be less freaky" in character and of a higher literary and artistic merit. There are even optimists who believe that the time is at hand when a comic supplement, with its worn-out jokes bad drawings and glaring colors will cease to charm. This is too much to be hoped for, but the chances are that a reformed and greatly improved Sunday newspaper is one of the agreeable possibilities of the not too distant future."

This is not so optimistic a view as the writer supposes it to be. There are reputable and useful Sunday newspapers now. The Sunday Herald is a representative of them. Let the reader look through the sheets of this day's issue, and see whether in every truth it does not better the cautious hope expressed by the writer of the Saturday Evening Post. What if its contents would any sound judgment condemn as freaky or degrading or valueless for some of the various classes of intelligent people who read it? In its literary and artistic merit it challenges the criticism of all reasonable persons. It is not all sermon or homily or religious essay. It is not all literature of the kind that goes over the heads of the common people and is apprehended only by the elect It is not deficient of common sense

What we do say for it is that it is wholesome, attractive, helpful, encouraging, a fit newspaper for men and women who like mental profit with mental recreation and are not so vile on other days that they maintain their standard of average virtue only by an exclusively religious occupation of Sunday. It is no unjust wrenching of Wordsworth's famous lines to adopt them, with a slight change, as a description of this newspaper published on the first day of the week:

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's Sunday food

That is to say, just bright and good enough for the men and women who make up the better part of the social life of Boston and Massachusetts.

When the Sunday newspaper was a new thing in the life of the community and was commonly scorned by those—a large classe in these parts—who had been educated to differentiate Sunday from every other day in their habits and thoughts, by ways peculiar to English and American puritanism, the strange venture naturally adapted itself to those who desired it and supported it It was however, always rather in advance of the education and morals of its readers, and for them a leader toward better living. This quality of the Sunday newspaper secured for it gradually the countenance and favor of people who, in the beginning, hated and decried it As rapidly as they became tolerant, Sunday newspapers of an improvised class appeared. Now the Sunday newspaper has become in truth what, with sagacious reason some prophetic souls expected it to become, the regular Sunday visitant in the homes of people who will not endure having anybody, clergyman or layman, attack their religious zeal their morality and their good citizenship.

That the Sunday newspaper has come to stay is no longer disputed by intelligent and practical people. The present question is whether those who are earnestly striving for social betterment have the judgment to exercise a proper discrimination among Sunday newspapers They are no all alike good or bad, some are better than others As a man is known by the company he keeps, so he is known ,in part, also, by the Sunday newspaper he reads, and receives in to his family We have no controversy with any one who maintains that The Sunday Herald is not as good a newspaper as it ought to be. It is not so good a newspaper as we are earnestly and persistently laboring to make it. If we believed that it could not be improved upon, we should cease to take interest in it What we do say and believe is that it has made marked progress toward the standard of the ideal Sunday newspaper, and is not today chargeable with being in the "freak" stage of development, if it ever was.

It is a pleasure to be able to say that efforts to improve The Sunday Herald and make it a distinguished representative Boston newspaper have been appreciated by the people. The great public is not indifferent to the character of the institutions that exist for its service and gratification With pride we say that all our efforts to make a better newspaper have had responsive recognition by those whose approval is most satisfactory because it means more than merely in a sense that they have received their money's worth. Certainly we mean not to fail in that point; but we desire, as well, to have The Sunday Herald esteemed an influence for all that is good in political, business and social life, a welcome entertainer of the workingman's family on his day of rest and receation, as well as the family of the social leader—a promoter of right thinking, of popular education, of good manners, of noble causes, of patriotic service and of all religions that have their expression in right living and genuine charity.—Boston Sunday Herald.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most pleasing signs of the progress of the day is to be found in the attention that is being given to an intelligent study of the most effective methods in the teaching of children. The advent of manual training and the kindred arts has done much to obviate the monotony and drudgery of school work Any suggestions and helps that tend to aid the grade teacher today are eagerly sought for by both teacher and parents. The volume on "The Place of Industries in Elementary Education," by Katherine E Dopp which is soon to be published by the University of Chicago Press, is a genuine contribution to the practice pedagogy of today. The great step in the evolution of industry are marked by the discovery of new motive powers and new methods of applying these forces. The author shows that the same law holds true in the educational world, and because of the failure to make use of the most powerful motives in child-life one individual and society have suffered great loss. Though not written for the purpose of throwing light upon the labor question, the book offers a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject But the great est contribution, however, is not to come directly from the book but through its influence upon elementary education.

The Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Muller, by Philip S Allen and James Taft Hatfield. Wilhelm Muller, father of the late Dr Max Muller, of Oxford, was one of the most pleasing lyricists of the nineteenth century and a conspicuous member of the later romantic school in Germany. The diary, hither unpublished, is an intimate and detailed account of Muller's life and thoughts from his twenty first birthday, August 7, 1815, until the close of the following year and in it there is found a naive discussion of his idealistic beliefs The letters were written by the poet to his wife during the early years of their marriage, and throw interesting delights upon the talented literary and musical society of Dresden and Berlin, where Muller was always a welcome guest. In view of the fact that the library and personal papers of Wilhelm Muller were all destroyed by fire many years ago, it is probable that no other intimate record of the poet's activity or artistic striving will ever be published

Nixon Waterman, the National Magazine's bright versifier and essayist, is the author of a volume of poems just brought out by Forbes and Company of Boston. It is an attractive volume and its contents justify the title, "In Merry Mood." Mr Waterman's reputation as a cheerful poet, commented upon editorially in The Herald, a few days ago, is well borne out by the songs and rhymes in his latest book, as the following excerpts will bear witness:

"The way is never very long
If measured with a smile and song'
The heaven-seekers who know not how,
'an almost find it here and now"
Oh' brothers' are you asking how
The hills of happiness to find?
Then know they lie behind this vow
'God helping me, I will be kind!'"
If you love me and I love you,
Then heaven lies all around us two."

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

ABSORBING ADDRESS.

Mrs. Leavitt Gives A Valuable Lecture Before The Grafton Club.

One of the most interesting addresses of the winter was that given by Mrs. Fannie L. Leavitt of Medford, Mass., before the Grafton club on Wednesday afternoon. The theme of the lecture was "The Prevention of Cruelty to Children" and the work done by the Massachusetts society was ably described.

The speaker had her subject well in hand and held the closest attention of her audience, while she told of the neglected and mistreated children who had been rescued and whose lives had been made useful by the timely action of the society.

There were pictures of the children, of the home in Cambridge and of the instruments of punishment which had been taken from cruel parents.

Mrs. Leavitt's personality added much to the force of her words, since it is impossible to listen to her without being conscious of her absolute belief in the good work possible for the society and for every club woman.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Leavitt spoke of the great good accomplished by vacation schools and social service departments in Massachusetts clubs. It is a matter of sincere regret that the inclemency of the weather prevented the entire club from being present.

TO BE WEDDED TONIGHT.

Daughter Of Wallace D. Lovell To Enter The Bonds Of Matrimony.

The wedding of Miss Florence Hastings Lovell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace D. Lovell, of West Newton, Mass., to John Morgan Francis of Troy, N Y., will be solemnized this evening at West Newton. The ceremony will take place in the First Unitarian church at eight o'clock. It will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. Francis is a graduate of Cornell and an amateur oarsman of national reputation He is a member of the staff of the Troy Times. His father was a recent minister to Greece.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters of the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: April 3, 7, 10, 13, 16 21, 24, 28, and May 1 and 5, at the following hours, from 9 a. m., to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the special election to be held May 12, 1903.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, May 12, 1903 from 8 a. m., to 12 m, and from 1 to 4 p m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

HERBERT B. DOW,
Chairman.
ALBERT H. ENTWISTLE, Clerk.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

Thursday, April 23d.

E. D. STAIR

Presents the Favorite Master of Mirth,

GEO. SIDNEY

IN

BUSY IZZY

45-PEOPLE-45

BIG BEAUTY CHORUS

20-MUSICAL NUMBERS-20

RICHLY STAGED

HANDSOMELY GOWNED

You surely remember "IZZY" with WARD & VOKES.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Tuesday morning, April 21st.

Friday Evening, April 17th

"Abandon All Care Ye Who Enter Here"

CHAS. H. YALE AND SIDNEY R. ELLIS'

THE EVIL EYE

(A FOE TO FROWNS)

Or the Further Funny Freaks of NID and the Continued Comical Contortions of NOD.

Fun and Frolic—Music and Mirth

It is Scenically Bewildering, Electrically Marvelous, Comically Side-Splitting, Musically Delightful.

THE BIG COMPANY.

Richard T. Brown, Brothers Kennard, Josie Sisson, Geo. Boram Herman, Helen Fry.

The Troubadour Four—Nat. Wilson, Wm. Fuller, Harry Thornton, Burt Eaton.

The Fassy Troupe of English Dancers, 16 in number, and 40 other Pantomimists.

THE NOVEL FEATURES.

Armstrong's Glorious Electric Ballet with 5000—Lights—5000.

The Human Windmill. The Whirlwind Rooms The Haunted Castle, The Wise Donkeys, The Hungry Snake, The Living Skeleton, and 100 other New Tricks, Illusions and Marvelous Surprises.

AND THE ATMOSPHERE OF IT ALL, SIMPLY CHARMING.

Prices.....35c, 50c, 75c and $1 00

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Wednesday morning, April 15th.

Saturday Evening, April 18th.

THE FAMOUS FUNMAKER,

Direct from the Boston Museum's Record-Breaking Engagement,

EZRA KENDALL AND HIS EXCELLENT COMPANY

In the 3 Act License for Laughter,

THE VINEGAR BUYER.

A GOOD REASON WHY YOU SHOULD SPEND A LITTLE MONEY TO SEE THE SHOW

The Boston Globe Says:

"EZRA KENDALL, our friend-of-many laughs, returned to the legitimate stage, and appeared in a new play, 'THE VINEGAR BUYER.' The result? A theatre full of people and a people full of laughter. When he came on they applauded him, and when he went off they applauded him, and they applauded him after every laugh. As there are in the vicinity of 150 laughs (one for every minute) in the piece, it can be seen that the audience was not getting much dust gather on its hands."

Prices...35c, 50c, 75c, $1 00 and $1 50

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Thursday morning, April 16th.

Monday Evening, April 20th.

By Request of Myriad Theatre Goers The Newest Comedy Melodrama,

A JOLLY AMERICAN TRAMP

By the Author, "A Poor Relation," "Peaceful Valley," Etc.

DO YOU LIKE SENSATION?

Comedy, Uniqueness, Splendor, a Happy and Thrilling Combination of all that is good in the American Play.

Large and Expensive Cast, All New and Elegant Scenery, Magnificent Effects.

BREEZY, BRISK, RAPID, UNTIRING, INTERESTING.

Prices..... 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Friday morning, April 17th.

WESTLY COWAN, SERGT. CO. M, 8th REGT.

Says Quinona Cured Him of Malaria Which He Contracted During the Spanish War.

"Every now and then since returning from our late war I would break down with what the doctors said was a return of malaria which I contracted in Cuba It seemed so it would never leave my system I suffered continually from headaches, that listless, dragged-out feeling and many other complaints, which every one knows who has had a touch of malaria

"I used many remedies, but it was Quinona which brought back my strength From the very beginning of my taking Quinona I felt the good effect from it My energy and strength returned I began to gain flesh and I braced right up I have not had one touch of malaria since taking Quinona two years ago, and I feel that it is the greatest preparation to drive out malaria that can be prescribed"

WESTLY COWAN, 1st Sergeant,
Co M, 8th Regiment, U S V
Home address, Hotel Westland, Boston, Mass.

Quinona is surely a wonderful tonic to bring back fresh strength and good health after a long sickness. If you have recovered from long illness but need the strength necessary to build up your system after its long siege, Quinona is just the tonic to give you the strength you must have before you can feel well and strong again

Dr J. E. Egide Roy, 4 South St Concord, N. H., says:

"I have often prescribed Quinona as a tonic after typhoid fever, and have always found it an excellent strength giver in such cases"

Quinona will quickly bring fresh strength and energy to your tired-out system, toning it up and will soon make you well and strong again All druggists sell Quinona The Quinona Company, 1 Hartford St., Boston, Mass

BOWSER'S HARD CIDER

He Samples a Gallon Sent by a Friend and the Result Is Disastrous

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

THE Bowsers had just finished dinner the other evening when the expressman drove up with a two gallon jug which was tagged in Mr. Bowser's name. The cork being removed and the contents sampled, he smacked his lips and explained:

"This must be hard cider. I had a letter way along last fall from an old friend in Chemung county, and I remember that he hinted about sending me down a jug of something good later on. By John, but the taste of it brings back the days when I used to walk three miles to the cider mill! The old days are gone never to return, but here is the cider, and I'd rather have it than so much champagne."

"I have heard that hard cider was almost as bad as whisky to intoxicate," observed Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser got away with his second glass within five minutes.

"That's all nonsense. There isn't enough alcohol in a barrel of it to affect the brains of a canary bird. Um! But that is old times! I feel almost as if I were climbing apple trees again. If we only had a pumpkin pie now, I'd feel myself an Uncle Rube."

Mr. Bowser read his paper for ten minutes and then descended to the dining room to see if the gas was turned out. He decided to kill two birds with one stone, and a third glass of hard cider followed the second and first. A quarter of an hour later the jug was tipped up for the fourth time within forty minutes, and soon after he came upstairs he began to grin and chuckle.

"Anything funny happen today?" queried Mrs. Bowser after a sharp look at him.

"Yes. A fat man was running to catch a car, and—ha, ha, ha!—it was mean to laugh at him, but when he fell over a dog and rolled over and over how could any one help but—ho, ho, ho!"

"I wouldn't drink any more of that cider this evening if I were you."

"What's the matter with the cider? Ha, ha, ha! Say, now, look at our old cat. Isn't she a perfect picture of domestic contentment? With a dear little wife at my elbow and a blamed old cat on the hearth rug I ought to be a happy husband, eh? I think the basement door may be open, and I'll go down and see."

"I'll call the girl."

"No, I'll go. Yes, she's a nice old cat, and you are a dear little wife, and if you'd seen that fat man fall over that dog you'd have gone into a ha, ha, ha!"

The basement door was not open. That cider jug was, however, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion. As he was all alone and in no hurry he drank a couple of glasses, and the taste carried him back to the days when harvest apples gave him the colic. He smiled to himself while drinking, but when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser noticed that



"MADAM, IS THIS YOUR HUSBAND?"

s hilarity was on the wane. Five inutes later he turned to her and id:

"Do you remember that little red hoolhouse beyond the bridge where went to school together?"

"Of course," she replied.

"Did I tell you that it had been torn wn?"

"No."

"Yes, torn down and a cow stable up there. How could they do it? at dear old schoolhouse was surnded with sentiment. There was ere I first met you. There was ere I first loved you. There was ere—where"—

He could not go on. He pulled out handkerchief and held it to his s, and Mrs. Bowser realized that hard cider from old Chemung had in its work in good shape.

Hadn't you better lie down on the nge for an hour or so?" she suggested as his tears continued to fall.

No, sir," he replied, with considera- force, "Mrs. Bowser, what kind a woman are you? Here they go l tear down our dear little red hoolhouse, one of the most sacred ts on earth to us, and you haven't rord to say. Even when I tell you t cows are now chewing their cuds the spot where I first told you of love you do not shed a tear."

"I can't weep over all the sad things I hear. In this case I suppose the building was about ready to fall anyhow. Won't you lie down?"

"And there was the old oak under which we used to gather acorns," continued Mr. Bowser as his face grew redder and more tears came. "They have gone and cut down that dear old tree and put up a windmill in its place. How dare they do it? It was under the um-um-umbrageous branches of that old oak that I first told you of my love; that you told me my love was returned. I wanted to buy that tree and preserve it under a glass case, but they have cut it down and sold it for stove wood."

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Bowser. "But don't you think you'd better go to bed now? I don't think you are feeling very well."

"No; I'm not feeling well. Do you know, I feel that I won't live to bother any one much longer? I shall be found dead in my bed some morning, and that will be the end of it. I did want to see that dear old hill again, the spot where I first told you of my love as we were sliding down hill, but it cannot be. Do you know, they have torn that hill down and made a woodyard on the spot? How could they do it—how could they?"

"Well, we are sorry, but we can't help it, and I think you'd better go to bed now. You know you were up late last night."

"Go to bed? Never! How can I go to bed when I know that the dear old horse pond in which I first told you of my love has been cut up and sold by the piece? Such things sink deep into my heart, and if you were a true hearted woman you would be weeping instead of sifting there like a log of wood. You wouldn't care if all the dear old things of your childhood were traded off for turnips."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he started down the hall.

"Where am I going? I'm going to find some one who can sympathize with me and understand my feelings. You can sit there, with your heart of stone, and the blamed old cat can sit there with you, but I—I"—

He put on his hat and overcoat and went out. The cold night wind dried his tears, but at the same time it set that hard cider working up in the top of his head, and Mr. Bowser had only reached the corner when he had to reach out for the fence. What happened to him in the next quarter of an hour was told by the policeman who brought him home.

"Madam," he said as Mrs. Bowser answered his ring at the bell, "is this your husband?"

"Yes," she replied as Mr. Bowser was assisted into the hall.

"His name is Bowser, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yesh; name's Bowser," mused the culprit as he leaned up against the wall and stared around.

"Has anything happened to unhinge his mind?" continued the officer. "I found him up on the corner hanging to the fence and crying and muttering to himself about a little red tree and an old oak schoolhouse. He isn't crazy, is he?"

"Not at all. He simply received a jug of hard cider from Chemung county tonight."

"Ah! And he—he"—

"He sampled the cider."

"Yesh; shampled she shider," added Mr. Bowser.

"I see, madam; I understand. He sampled the cider, and the cider sampled him. Sorry to have disturbed you. Better get him to bed soon."

"'Mishus Bowsher," began Mr. Bowser as the door was closed on the officer, "do you know shat they have went and gone and cut down shat dear old huckleberry swamp in which I first told you"—

"Up you go," she interrupted as she pointed at the stairs.

Ten minutes later he was in bed and unconscious to the world.

M. QUAD.

Precisely That.

Braggsby—I tell you, I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now.

Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

The Fall of Jericho

A Summer Resort Boom That Failed to Boom

[Copyright, 1903, by O. B. Warner.]

IT was Deacon Spooner who started it. The doctor sent him off to a summer resort for two weeks to get rid of fever, and when he came home he had the biggest kind of an idea in his head. He got down to the postoffice that same evening and said to the crowd:

"What we want to do is to turn in and make Jericho a summer resort. She's got everything the heart could wish for, and if we don't see 10,000 people here next summer it will be our own fault. I'm primed with facts and statistics, and I move we call a public meeting for next Tuesday evening."

The idea met with favor, and the meeting was called, and during the interval the price of butter and eggs went up 30 per cent. Most of the families in town decided on taking boarders, and they decided that $10 per week would be a fair price to charge. There was a large turnout at the meeting, and Deacon Spooner went right to business by calling for order and saying:

"It may be taken for granted that this large and enthusiastic audience has assembled here tonight for the purpose of placing Jericho where she belongs—on the pedestal beside Newport and Saratoga. We have here a town of 756 inhabitants. It is five miles from any railroad. There is quietness here; there is scenery and health. You don't find any skeeters, and you never hear of any one having the ague. No circus ever shows here to corrupt our morals, and if a windmill man comes along and talks too loud there is an ordinance to restrain him. Nature meant this to be a place where man could come and rest his weary soul and body and go back to the world rejuvenated, and up to this date none of us has known what a good thing we had."

The deacon stopped for applause and got it, and after bowing his thanks he went on:

"The idea is to turn Jericho into a summer resort and welcome thousands to her gates. To get a boom under way our motto must be 'Pro bono publico.' There must be no hanging out, no examples of individual selfishness. I'm one who is willing to turn my house into a hotel for the summer to accommodate the strangers who will come here, and I'll also make the price of board as reasonable as possible."

"Deacon, about what would be your price for board?" asked Truelove White from the audience.

"From $10 to $12 a week, I guess," was the reply.

"And what would you fodder the people on?"

"Mostly on meat and taters, but of course apple sass and custards would come in pretty often."

"Then I move that the price of board be fixed at $11 per week all around,



"THERE MUST BE NO HANGING OUT, NO EXAMPLES OF INDIVIDUAL SELFISHNESS."

with extra for washbowls and lookin' glasses."

The deacon put the motion to the meeting, and it was carried, and he then said:

"There will be hundreds come here who will want to buy land and build cottages; I've got about twenty village lots, and in order to start the ball rolling I'll put 'em in at a low value. I hope others will follow my example."

"What would you call a low value, deacon?" asked Moses Turner as he rose up.

"Well, I might say $400 apiece. I presume they'd bring twice that, but we don't want to rob anybody."

It was moved and supported that all lots worth about $50 apiece be put in at $400 in order to induce a boom, and after it had been carried the deacon tackled the subject of a lake. All summer resorts had at least one, and fortunately for Jericho the village owned a horse pond. There was no doubt in his mind that the pond could be enlarged and improved and made into a lake, and he hoped the price of boat hire would be kept down to the lowest figure. In fact, he would agree to put twelve boats on the lake and not charge above a dollar an hour for any one of them. Included in this charge would be a barrel on which to roll people who were half drowned.

Then came the question of hauling the people to and from the railroad. Nothing so discouraged a person as to meet with extortion on the start. He had thought the matter over, and it was his idea that the charge should be $2 per capita in each direction. In case any one started a livery stable in town—and three or four such institutions would be sure to rise up—the fixed rate should not be above $5 an hour for a horse and buckboard. When he was at a summer resort, he had longed for pumpkin pie, and it was not to be had. People who came to Jericho would long. The pumpkin pie would be ready, but there must be no extortion. Every pie, no matter whether round or square, should be cut into four pieces, and the price per piece should be 25 cents.

There was one thing more, and the deacon proceeded to state it. The people should turn out to welcome every new arrival and make him feel at home, but for every such turnout there should be a fixed charge of 30 cents, and the same should be collected with the board bill. The meeting adjourned amid great enthusiasm, and several of the houses were illuminated in honor of the occasion, and everybody went to bed happy. They were still rejoicing next day when a tin peddler came along. He heard what had happened, and then he shook his head and mournfully replied:

"I'm sorry, but you people will be disappointed."

"But how?" was asked.

"Why, Halifax is offering all that you are and is going to throw in two mudholes and a brickyard for nothing, and the crowd will all go that way."

Only one summer resorter came to Jericho, and he slept in a fence corner over night and stole apples for his breakfast. M. QUAD.

Finally Got It.

"What do you want, little boy?" asked the druggist.

"Say, mister," said the boy, who had been wrinkling his face, scratching his head and rubbing his right foot up and down his left leg in the effort to remember something that had escaped him, "what's the name of that place where we've got so many soldiers?"

"Fort Sheridan?"

"No. It's a good deal furder away than that."

"The Philippines?"

"That ain't just it, but it's somewhere around there."

"You don't mean Manila?"

"Manila! That's right! I knowed I'd get it after awhile. I want a bottle of Manila extract for flavorin' ice cream. How much?"—Chicago Tribune.

Anticipating Him.

The Judge—You admit, then, that you fell upon the complainant and beat him severely and drove him away from the vicinity of the river?

The Defendant—I admit it all, your honor, but there were mitigating circumstances.

The Judge—What were they?

The Defendant—The man is one of those fellows who think it fun to rock a pleasure boat.

The Judge—Well, why didn't you wait until he actually committed the alleged offense?

"That would have been too late, your honor."

"Discharged."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Green Eyed Monster.

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter.

Husband—What letter?

"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!"

"Here it is. It's your milliner's bill."—New York Weekly.

Nuritch's House Furnishings.

"Well," said Nuritch, who had been showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishin's?"

"They—er—show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor.

"Think so?"

"Yes, but it's all very bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Repartee.

Miss Reeskay (patronizingly)—Rather embarrassing for you, I should think, always to be blushing when you shouldn't.

Miss Daymure—And equally embarrassing for you, I should think, never to be blushing when you should.—Smart Set.

Not Much Doubt of It.

"The children were taken today by their teacher to the big bakeshop around the corner. Mabel went along."

"Did she make a good impression?"

"I believe she did. She sat down in a pan of fresh dough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Both Essential.

Roderick—Old Ollrich bought an automobile.

Van Albert—Take him long to learn?

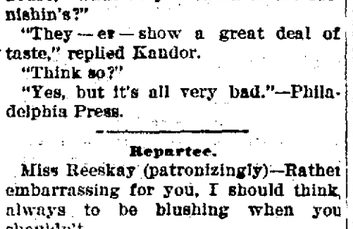
Roderick—Yes; one month to run the machine and two months to pronounce the word "chauffeur" properly.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Appreciation.

"Do you think that people appreciate art in this country?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "Everybody gets interested as soon as you tell 'em how much a masterpiece cost."—Washington Star.

Fellows In Complaint.



The Guest—This is a tough steak. Why, I can't bite it.

The Waiter—Neither could I, cull neither could I.

COLONIAL HOUSE.

Inexpensive Yet Convenient and Roomy Design—Cost, $2,500.

[Copyright, 1903, by Dennis & Gastmeyer, architects, 289 Broadway, New York.]

We herewith present an up to date colonial design and plan for a $2,500 home. It contains every modern improvement and convenience and is heated by a hot air furnace. A cellar runs under the entire house, with stone walls, cemented floor, coal bins, etc.

The frame is of hemlock lumber and timber, and the walls are sheath-

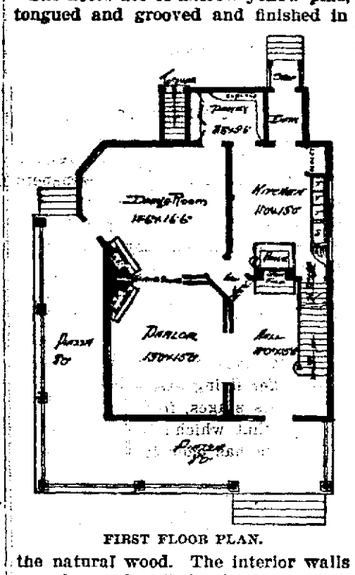


FRONT ELEVATION.

ed, papered, sided and shingled, as shown on the plans. The main roof is covered with heavy dimension cypress shingles, and the columns, rails and newels on the piazza roof and deck are of yellow pine, finished in the natural wood.

The exterior is given two coats of lead and oil paints, with a light yellow body, zinc white trim, light green sash and dark bronze green blinds.

The floors are of narrow yellow pine, tongued and grooved and finished in

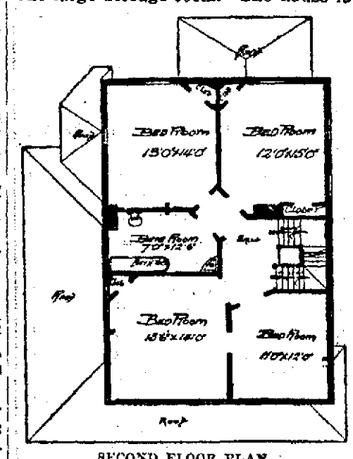


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

the natural wood. The interior walls are plastered with hard white patent plaster. The trim is of cypress, and the stairs are of oak, with turned newels, rail and balusters, finished in the natural wood with one coat of fillers and two coats of light varnish.

The hall, parlor and dining room contain open fireplaces, ornamental brick mantels and tiled hearths. The bathroom and kitchen have modern open plumbing and fixtures. The exposed work in the bathrooms is nickel plated. The hardware throughout is of plain real dark bronze.

The attic has two large bedrooms and one large storage room. The house is



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

fitted with combination gas and electric fixtures, properly wired for electric light and piped for gas. The windows, except in the cellar, are fitted with inside Venetian blinds.

This makes a cozy and desirable home in every way and is one that has met with general approval. It can be easily enlarged or reduced, as desired, by intending builders. Materials, etc., can be changed to suit personal tastes or requirements. Cost, $2,500.

The Best Foundation.

The parable of the wise man who builds his house upon a rock and of the other man who built on the sands was uttered before the "house with modern improvements" had made its appearance or modern sanitary science had been evolved, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. A rock foundation is unimpeachable for stability, but it may be very bad when it comes to a matter of drainage, whether it be for the disposal of sewage or of surface or ground water. A cellar excavated in the rock is usually a wet cellar, because the water leeches through the crevices and seams in the rock, and it is both difficult and expensive to trench and drain properly about the walls of a building in a medium so hard to excavate. To be sure, if the rock drops away quickly on a sharp grade, this difficulty may be altogether a minor one. A good gravel soil is one of the best to build upon in respect both to drainage and to the stability of the house, and compact sand, if not subject to the action of running water, is a most excellent foundation and a thoroughly good medium.

Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head at *7.05 a. m., 8.05 and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., **6.50 a. m. and *10.05 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. 1.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at *8.05 a. m., 9.05 and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., **7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m. and at *10.35 and ||11.05.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m and at *10.35 and ||11.05.

*Omitted Sundays.
**Omitted holidays.
||Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.
WINSLOW T. PERKINS,
Superintendent.

PORTSMOUTH KITTERY AND YORK STREET RAILWAY

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Nov. 5, 1902.

To Portsmouth—From York Beach *5.45, *6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15, 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 8.15, 9.45.

To York Beach—From Portsmouth first car through to York Beach leaves at *7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30, 1.00, 2.30, 4.00, 5.30, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00.

Mail and express car, week days—Leaves York Beach for Portsmouth at 7.30 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. Leave Portsmouth for York at 10.55 a. m. and 5.55 p. m.

*Cancelled Sunday.

Notice—The ferry leaves Portsmouth 5 minutes before the even hour and half hour.

For special and extra cars address
W. G. MELOON, Gen. Man.

Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co

Leaves Greenacre, Eliot—6.10, 6.45, **7.15, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, ***10.50, p. m.

*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6.30, ||7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacre 8.10 a. m.

*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.
**Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.
***To Kittery and Kittery Point only.
||Runs to Staples' store only.

Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacre 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co.'s, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until April 1.

Leaves Navy Yard.—8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:10, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, *7:45 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 11:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth.—8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00 *10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GEORGE F. F. WILDE,
Captain, U. S. N., Capt. the Yard
Approved: J. J. READ,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant

Gray & Prime.

OTTO COKE

The Ideal Summer Fuel.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.
(In effect October 13, 1902.)

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.47, 7.30, 8.15, 10.10 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.25 p. m. Sunday, 3.47, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, *5.22, 8.45, 9.15 p. m. Sunday, *8.20, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 9.15 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.45, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *8.20 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, *8.20 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.45 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.10, 2.40, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 8.20, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.40 p. m. Sunday, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 7.40 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.50, 9.00, a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday, 10 a.m., 12.45, *5.00 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.19, 9.45, a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.32, 10.00 a. m., 4.05, 6.39 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.25, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

* Via Dover & West Div.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30, a. m., 12.40, 5.30 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.49, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.07 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.23 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.32 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave.

Concord—7.45, 10.25, a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.22 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47, a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.35, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS G. P. & T. A.

TIME TABLE.

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

Cars Leave Portsmouth for

Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter at *7.05, 8.05 a. m., and every hour thereafter until 10.05 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at *10.35, running to Greenland Village and Stratham only.

Cars Leave Exeter for

Stratham, Greenland Village and Portsmouth at *6.05, *7.05, 8.05 a. m., and every hour until 10.05 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10.45 and run to Greenland Village only.

Theatre Cars.

(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performances at the opera house.

* Omitted Sunday.

H. SUSSMAN

Portsmouth Dye House

10 Penhallow St.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments cleaned and pressed in a satisfactory manner without shrinking by a steam process.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)

ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms $4.00 a year, when paid in advance; otherwise 5 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

All communications should be addressed to HERALD PUBLISHING CO. PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone 57—2

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office second class mail matter.]

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald for local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

A GREAT ADVERTISER MADE A GREAT PAPER.

It is given out that the Ledger Monthly of New York, the successor of the New York Ledger, the weekly story paper established and until his death conducted by the late Robert Bonner, and which brought him vast wealth, is in financial straits, and may be discontinued by the corporation that now owns it.

Time was when the New York Ledger was the best known and perhaps the best paying publication in the United States. Mr. Bonner not only correctly judged what the people wanted and would pay for, but he was as shrewd and daring an advertiser as P. T. Barnum himself. When "Fanny Fern," the sister of N. Parker Willis and later the wife of James Parton, sprang into prominence as a pithy and pungent writer, commenting fearlessly on subjects which other feminine writers feared to allude to, and daring to call a spade a spade Mr. Bonner promptly engaed her to write exclusively for the Ledger at a rate of compensation greater than any female contributor to any paper or magazine had ever received—and he took good care to let the public know it.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was engaged to write a story for the Ledger, for $10,000. For months before the first chapters were due to appear the statement that it was going to appear—and how much was to be paid for it—was heralded all through the country. When it did appear it was no great of a story; it was dull and bore all the marks of a contract job; but it was worth a good deal more than $10,000 to the Ledger as an advertisement.

Along in the 70's, the reader of the country weekly, or the daily published in a small city, who found on the first page of his favorite paper a particularly interesting story of love or adventure, was likely to find as the close of the last paragraph, in the same type as the rest, and "run in" so as not to attract attention at a glance, the announcement that "The continuation of this thrilling and beautiful story can be found only in next week's New York Ledger, which can be procured" etc. The story was always chopped off at an interesting point, and the person who wanted to find out if the heroine escaped with her life and reputation undamaged, or the hero succeeded in foiling the scheming villian, had to buy the Ledger to do it. Bonner paid the country papers liberally, and it was said that his expenditure for this kind of advertising exceeded $100,000 a year for many years; so the returns must have been satisfactory.

But his most notable advertising scheme was his purchase of the trotting horse Detxer, at that time the king of the trotting turf. Dexter's low mark was 2:17; our impression is that no horse before him had ever trotted a mile in a race under 2:20; certainly none had ever done a mile in 2:17, so when it was announced that Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, had bought Dexter, and paid $35,000 for him— a price previously unheard of for a horse—great was the marvelling, all over the country. Mr. Bonner loved fast horses and owned a number of them; but he never raced them, or allowed them to be raced. But every week or two for a number of years, until Dexter's time was lowered by other horses, the Associated Press agents would send broadcast through the land such items as "Mr. Bonner of the New York Ledger has as his guest today General Grant, and with the two in a light road wagon the peerless Dexter speeded a mile in 2:19, without turning a hair." In these items it was always Mr. Bonner "of the New York Ledger;" and no doubt the $25,000 he paid for the horse returned him several hundred thousand dollars in free advertising.

After his death his sons continued the paper for a time as a weekly, and then changed it to a monthly; and about two years ago they sold it to a syndicate. But from the time of his death it commenced to decline in popularity; the peculiar faculty that had built it up was lacking in his successors, and the times also had changed.

SOME RACING BOATS OVER HERE, TOO.

The British yachtamen are congratulating themselves on the fact that the Shamrock III., the latest challenger for the America's cup, is superior to the Shamrock I. on all points of sailing—decidedly so in beating to windward, moderately so in going dead before the wind, and slightly so in reaching. From this they argue that the challenger is morally sure to "lift" the cup this time, and thus break the monotony of a contest that during the half century of its continuance has become wearisome—to the British yachtsmen—for the sameness of its results. Possibly their hopes and expectations may be well founded, but not necessarily so because the Shamrock III can beat the Shamrock I. There are on this side of the Atlantic two yachts that have beaten the Shamrock I. in races; one is the Shamrock II. and the other is the Columbia; and the latter has won only the Shamrock I but the Shamrock II. and not in any trial races, but in actual contests for the cup. Like the Shamrock III. the Shamrock II. beat the Shamrock I. in the trial races in their home waters but that did not enable her to beat the American cup defender when the final test came. And there is another candidate for the honor of defending the cup, the Constitution, designed by the designer of the Columbia, and which he has always claimed to be the latter's superior, which is to be tried out exhaustively this year against the Columbia and the new boat, the Reliance. If the Constitution, when thoroughly "tuned up," should beat the Columbia, which beat the Shamrock I; and if, in turn, the Reliance should beat both the Columbia and the Constitution, the Shamrock III.'s beating of the Shamrock I. will be a long way from an assurance of her ability to lift the America's cup and transport it across the Atlantic.

PENCIL POINTS.

The coal barons have not yet told us how much money they lost last winter.

The American troops in Mindanao are hunting for hostile Moros and can't find them.

It's time for somebody to dig up another new candidate for the democratic nomination.

It is a relief to know that Reginald Vauderbilt and Miss Neilson are at last safely married.

President Roosevelt is in Yellowstone park, but the anti-trust law is still in working order.

The bank at Monte Carlo isn't as fragile as the man with an elaborate "system" is likely to think.

The Morocco rebels are preparing to attack Fez. The have been doing that same thing for about six months.

If the present scrap keeps on, it may be necessary to enlist nurses for the benefit of the members of the Red Cross society.

They tell us that a great civilized nation existed in Peru at the time of the Trojan war. And perhaps that nation had champions who could have made Achilles and Hector look like also-rans.

It begins to look as if President Castro of Venezuela might be forced to resign permanently and involuntarily before long.

The big winter wheat crop won't benefit us unless we can get the money to buy some of the bread into which the wheat is made.

To keep up with the opinions of our friends the socialists, it would be necessary to revise the dictionary definition of the word about three times a day.

The salaries paid professional baseball players make us wonder if instruction in the national game isn't as important as any that our college students get.

Uncle Sam's soldiers show a lamentable lack of consideration for the anti-imperialists. It is cruel of them to lacerate the feelings of the Boston junta by winning victories.

J. Pierpont Morgan has not expressed a public opinion on the Northern Securities decision. Perhaps he is too much of a gentleman to put his thoughts into words.

The young man who chastised another in a street car for leering at a woman and then learned that the man and woman were married displayed more chivalry than good judgment.

OUR ISTHMIAN ARMY.

As the time draws nearer when the United States shall actually begin the achievement of the greatest engineering feat in the history of mankind, the imagination of its people will realize more vividly the tremendous quantity of human energy that will be enlisted in the cutting of the Panama Canal.

It is a fact that today this government is actually responsible for the present prosecution of the work. This is by virtue of the agreement that, after the canal treaty shall have been ratified by Colombia, as it has already been ratified by the United States this government is to pay all the bills for work done after March 1 last by the French company that is still nominally in control.

This visible fact should have a strong moral effect upon the Colombian congress, whose members must thus be made physically sensible that the interoceanic waterway, in anticipation of their action, is being pushed forward under the auspices of the United States.

Thus our government has placed upon its future pay roll a considerable force of laborers, in addition to the existing Canal Commission which is to be succeeded by the permanent commission, with many direct employes. Most of the laborers now digging in the Culebra cut and elsewhere in the big ditch are acclimated Jamaica negroes. The estimate of Admiral Walker is that 30,000 men will be employed when the United States shall have formally taken over the enterprise. That is an army. Its oversight, government, subsistence and care will engage a supplementary army.

Thus there arises in the near future the dual question of a supply of labor and of its care. The supply of muscle in Colombia is wholly inadequate. New sources must be found The treaty places no restrictions upon those sources. There is no legal ban against the Chinese, the Lascar, the Latin, the negro or the mixed races of the West Indies. It is even possible that the agricultural labor of our Southern states may be affected by this opportunity to share in this great addition to the world's work.

Even more important than the supply of labor on the isthmus will be its care. The people of the United States will not assent to a repitition of the awful record of mortality that prevailed during the De Lesseps regime between Colon and Panama. Fortunately, we have had practical and successful experience in tropical sanitation in Cuba, in Porto Rico and in Luzon. We have outstripped the Spanish and the French in using the bathtub and the mosquito netting as instruments of warfare against diseases of dirt and infection.

We are warranted in approaching our herculean task on the isthmus with a confidence which, however, should not lessen scientific procaution.—New York Mail and Express.

NOT MUCH WOOD.

Only a few loads of wood appear in Market square now. The demand, however, has dropped off faster than the price. They are asking $6.00 to $8.00 per cord for stove-fitted wood and getting that when the wood is delivered. Only the best seasoned dry wood brings the higher figure.



A SUMPTUOUS PRODUCTION.

Charles H. Yale and Sidney R. Ellis' sumptuous production of their mammoth trick spectacle, The Evil Eye, or The Further Funny Freaks of Nid and the Continued Comical Contortions of Nod, will be a revelation to lovers of the spectacular. No expense has been spared to add to the beauties of the scenery, the gorgeousness of the castumes or the excellence of the company. The production will be augmented by new tricks, illusions and marvelous surprises. Everything that can possibly please the eye or delight the ear of the theatre goers will be seen in this finished seicle production of advanced spectacular.



A Scene In The Evil Eye.

OF UNUSUAL IMPORTANCE.

The coming to this city next Saturday evening, of the well known comedian, Ezra Kendall, should prove a theatrical event of more than ordinary importance, for everybody interested in amusements is familiar with Mr. Kendall's unique position on the stage. The actor-humorist is a rare combination indeed and yet in Mr. Kendall we find the embodiment of both gifts. On every bookstall in the country will be found copies of one or more of the comedian's contributions to the humor of the age, and there are few, in any, theatres of importance in American which have not resounded with laughter occasioned by the presence on the stage of Ezra Kendall. The present season's starring tour introduces Mr. Kendall in a play especially written for the display of his talen, entitled The Vinegar Buyer. The piece is modestly described as a worthy play for a worthy player. Joe Miller, Mr. Kendall's role, is that of a free-for-all, devil-may-care, roaming pedler.

BUSY IZZY.

Anyone who has ever seen George Sidney as "Izzy", the funny little Jew with Ward and Vokes, will recognize what may be expected when he comes in his new musical comedy, Busy Izzy. Sidney's reputation as a laugh maker has been made amid surroundings of pretty girls and excellent comedians, rich wardrobes and sightly scenery, catchy music and a big chorus to sing it, novel dances and experts to carry them out, and this is just what he will be in the midst of when Busy Izzy comes to town. In the new entertainment Izzy will first be seen as the proprietor of a big department store, where much is sold but nothing paid for, then when he sees that is no good way, he will trade the store for a summer hotel and run it for the pleasure of his friends.

The company contains Annie Martell, Fred Wyckoff, Florence Ackley, Edward Clark, Lisle Bloodgood, Daniel Sullivan, Maude Campbell, Frank Gibbons, Charles Lo Mier, Edythe Gibbons and a chorus of thirty of the prettiest girls to be gathered together.

KEITH'S THEATRE.

The best thing in the popular musical comedy, Florodora, was the song "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," which was rendered by a double sextet of young men and women, and it was a foregone conclusion that the specialty would find its way into vaudeville just so soon as Messrs. Fisher and Ryley gave permission. So the announcement from Keith's that the sextet is to be the leading feature for the week of April 20 will not create so much surprise as would be the case under other conditions. It is also stated that other specialties from Florodora will be given, including the beautiful song, Beneath the Shade of the Sheltering Palm, and the 8.00 A. M. Duet. Surrounding this expensive feature of the holiday week show there is a galaxy of variety entertainers that gives promise of an exceptionally fine bill. Among them are Ed. Reynard, the noted comedy ventriloquist; Howard Thurston, a wizard with cards, just back from Europe; Gillett's musical dogs, a marvelous troupe of educated canines; Mlle. Rialta, a drapery dancer, who uses light and color effects a la Papinta; George Thatcher, the old-time minstrel, in monologue and songs; Victor Moore and Pearl Haight in what is pronounced one of the brightest and most amusing conversational acts seen in the varieties for a long time; Allen Wightman, a clay modeler of ability, and also a wit, and the Schrodes, a pair of pantomimic grotesques. The bill is without the customary sketch, a pleasing relief that will be appreciated by all patrons. It should be noted that on Patriot's day (Monday) the doors will be opened at 10 a. m. and the performance begin half an hour later.

PHILOSOPHY OF BUSY IZZY.

A fool and his money are hard to find.

Never put off till tomorrow what someone will do for you today.

It's an ill wind that dies before it gets up.

One swallow doesn't make a spring hat

Uneasy lies the head that needs a haircut.

It's a wise fish that knows its own motion.

WILL LECTURE IN KITTERY.

Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor of the Universalist church, will this, Thursday, evening give his lecture on "The Civil War" before the newly organized camp of the Sons of Veterans of Kittery. It will be finely illustrated by W. I. Trafton.

Itching piles? Never mind if physicians have failed to cure you. Try Doan's Ointment. No failure there. 50 cents, at any drug store.

NEWINGTON.

Newington, April 16.

Mrs. Harriet Hoyt returned from a visit at Rye on Tuesday.

Miss Cora Pickering left on Monday for an extended visit at Dover Point.

Amos Moody passed Tuesday in Portsmouth.

Frederick Pickering is having a piazza built around his residence here and making other improvements. The work is being done under the direction of Mr. Moody.

Charles and Wesley Badger and Mr. Coombs were in Amesbury, Mass., on Tuesday.

Miss Della Cate is visiting at Durham.

James Drew was in Stratham on Tuesday evening.

The storm of Wednesday prevented the sewing circle from holding a meeting in the town hall as was intended. The meeting will be held April 22.

SALE AT PEIRCE HALL.

The ladies of St. John's Parish will hold a sale in Peirce hall Thursday afternoon and evening, April 16. There will be music, W. D. Howell's little farce, "The Mouse Trap," and the sale of useful and fancy articles, home made candy and ice cream in the afternoon. In the evening the sale will be continued, "The Mouse Trap" will be repeated by request and there will be music by the Navy Yard orchestra and dancing. Admission 25 cents.

WANTS NEW APPLIANCES.

One prominent Portsmouth man, who burned his face and blistered his hands for several days in succession last week in a vain attempt to capture one of Winnepesaukee's famous trout, is thinking of starting a petition asking that some means be devised to make the artificial devices of man attractive to the wily game fish.

The druggists regretted, Wednesday, that they had taken out their hot soda tanks.

Worms?

Many children are troubled with worms, and treated for something else. A few doses of True's PIN WORM Elixir will expel worms if they exist, and proves valuable tonic if there are no worms. 25c at druggists. Dr. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

ALSO

Reading and Wilkesbarre Coals

Best Preparation Obtainable In This City

187 MARKET ST

R·I·P·A·N·S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle 60 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

ATLAS 51 SHADES. READY MIXED PAINT DEVOE'S 52 SHADES.

IF YOU HAVE ANY PAINTING TO DO WE HAVE THE PAINT THAT WILL SUIT YOU.

Rider & Cotton

68 MARKET STREET.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Pres., James McCarthy;
Rec. Sec., Timothy Conners;
Fin. Sec., F. H. Thompson.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.
Pres, Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 493.
Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Holtz;
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergt.at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hall second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.
Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Charles H. Colson.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.
Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 209.
Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.
Pres., Frank Bray;
Sec., Brainard Hersey.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.
Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.
Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall Market street.

BARBERS.
Pres., M. C. Bold;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, last Tuesday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.
Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.
Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.
Pres., Jere. Couhig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.
Pres., Dennis R. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.
Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.
Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James H. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.
Pres., James H. Cogan;
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;
Treas., Edward Amazeen.
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

LAUNDRY WORKERS' UNION.
Pres., Fred C. Horner;
Sec., Charles W. Neal.
Meets the first Friday of the month at Good Templars' hall.

PLUMBERS AND STEAMFITTERS UNION.
Pres., F. H. Thompson;
Rec. Sec., James A. McCarthy;
Fin. Sec., George D. Richardson.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, one square to U. S. Pistoffice on Market street, will receive prompt attention

M. J. GRIFFIN

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

EXETER EVENTS.

Town Visited By A Disagreeable Storm.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY-CLIPPER BALL GAME POSTPONED.

Howard A. Ross Writes A Leading Article For Sandow's Magazine.

BUDGET OF OTHER TIMELY TOPICS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Exeter, April 15.

Exeter was visited by a very disagreeable storm today, and for April, the oldest inhabitants can remember nothing similar to it. This morning the wind blew at a hurricane rate, with a few drops of water now and then as a sort of a forewarning of what was coming. Just before noon it began to rain. The water did not fall in gentle showers but in torrents and with occasional cessations, continued till far into the night. The wind did not diminish any, and, with the thermometer nearly at the freezing point, the weather was surely most unpleasant for those who found it necessary to brave the storm.

Business was at a standstill this afternoon and evening and the streets were practically deserted. But one session was held at the seminary. Some of the trains were late, but the Portsmouth and Exeter cars managed to arrive on time. Limbs were continually falling from trees in every direction of the town. The water is very high in the rivers and brooks tonight.

The postponement of the Phillips academy Exeter Clipper baseball game this afternoon was the 2nd contest of the season called off here on account of rain. While the morning was very disagreeable, the baseball enthusiasts had great hopes that the rain, which for two days has been promised by the weather man, would hold off until after the game. Coach Robinson had the team practicing in the cage this afternoon. The next game between the two teams will be played on Fast day afternoon.

A fine and interesting fistic contest on Water street, in front of C. M. Collins' drug store this morning, was enjoyed by several people for a few moments. Both of the participants were French. One owed the other some money it seems, and as he would not pay, the creditor started in to get satisfaction in another way. The men clinched, rolled around the sidewalk, and into the gutter, each beautifying the other with a black eye, when a policeman put in an appearance, causing the pugilists to disappear and incidentally putting an end to the fight.

The leading article in this month's issue of Sandow's Magazine is by Howard A. Ross, director of the gymnasium at the academy, the subject being, "Physical Culture at Phillips-Exeter Academy." The account is very interesting. Mr. Ross tells of the training of the candidates for the various athletic teams, gives the requirements of the students who compete, gives a description of the gymnasium and many other things of interest. The article is illustrated with views of the exterior and interior of the gymnasium, the campus and last year's football team.

It was announced today that the shoe firm of Hillard and Tabor of Haverhill had leased the factory at Hampton, formerly occupied by Thayer and Maguire of the same city, and as soon as possible the firm will occupy the plant and will manufacture turned shoes. The action of the firm is taken as one direct result of the strike, which has seriously impeded the work of making turned shoes in Haverhill. Three hundred employes will be given work in the Hampton factory. The firm will continue to occupy the Haverhill factory.

Two drunks were arraigned in police court this morning before Judge Shute. Augustus Crumpet was sentenced to a month at the county farm and Parvo Damaski, a Pole who acted as interpreter for the Polish cases in the court on Monday afternoon, settled with a fine of $5.62 and his case was continued for sentence.

A slight chimney fire at Reginald C. Stevenson's house on High street, was extinguished this morning at seven o'clock without an alarm. The fire was discovered by the man who has charge of the furnace. He sent word to the Eagle steamer house and a member of the company responded with chemicals and put out the blaze.

The heavy winds of the past few days caused very high tides at the beach today, and they were enjoyed by many Exeter people.

There will be a special meeting of the Veteran Firemen's association at the headquarters on Fountain court on Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. W. Emerson of Prescott, Ariz., is visiting her daughters, the Misses Mary and Jeannette Talbot.

Rev. Mr. Dinsmore of Boston delivered an interesting lecture on "Dante" before the members of the First Parish club of the First Congregational church and their friends, this evening.

Mrs. J. M. W. Bascom and her mother, Mrs. Martha Wright, left today for Greenfield, Mass., where the latter will be the guest of the former for several weeks.

Mrs. J. W. Emerson has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Frances Talbot, to James Greene of Wickford, R. I.

John W. Somnes of Sagamore lodge I. O. O. F., was made a chevalier by the Uniform Rank of Odd Fellows at Portsmouth last evening. He is the only Odd Fellow in Exeter so honored.

The fund for the new athletic house at the academy now amounts to $430.25.

The Ladies' Afternoon Whist club was entertained this evening by Mrs Arthur S. Sawyer and Mrs. Clarence M Collins at the former's home. Refreshments were served.

The Thursday club of the Phillips church meets tomorrow afternoon.

Dr. J. E. S. Pray and John H. Fellows attended the meeting of St Paul's commandery at Dover last evening.

The large fire seen in the direction of Amesbury last night, between the hours of ten and eleven, by many townspeople, was the burning of farm buildings at South Hampton.

At the request of his mother, a young boy was detained at police headquarters last evening on account of stubbornness. He was allowed to go this morning.

Elisha M. Lamprey, a well known citizen of Hampton, died yesterday, aged eighty-five years.

Miss Helen Brown passed the day in Haverhill.

A musical event of no slight interest will be the concert to be given in Unity hall tomorrow evening by Miss Edith J. Ellis. She will be assisted by Mrs. Emma Stoddard Anderson, contralto, and Mrs. Henry A. Shute, accompanist.

Several Exeter veterans left this morning to attend the G. A. R. encampment at Concord.

THE CONCERT PROGRAM.

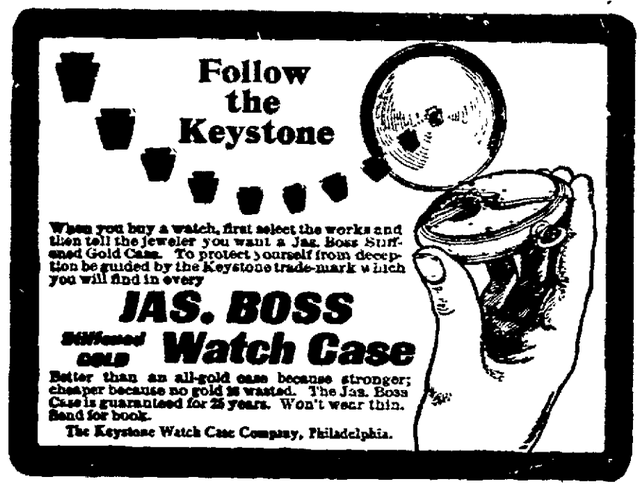
Music To Be Played By Joy And Philbrick's Orchestra, This Evening.

The following is the program of the concert to be given this evening at the Union Label fair by Joy and Philbrick's orchestra:

March—"Hoch Hapsburg," Kraal
Overture—"Mardi Gras," Gruenwald
Valse—"The Witches Whirl," Paull
Selection from "The Prince of Pilsen," Luders
Song for cornet—"The Palms," Mr. John H. Parlin.
Chilian Dance—"Manana," Missud
Finale—"Hercules," Schacht

INVITATION RECEIVED.

The editor of The Herald has received, in elaborate form, an invitation to attend the dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, on April 30 and May 1st and 2d.



SPRING "BUNNITS."

The Middle Street Philosopher Talks Of Them.

"Nothing on earth is more suggestive of the recurrent mystery of change than the spring bunnit," observed the Middle street philosopher, as he settled himself in his favorite corner of the trolley car. "How do they do it? How ever can color so amble over the green, and rainbows slice themselves up into so many half-tones, and posies grow into such amiable perfections?

"Who devises these wonders like unto the dreams of a king of carnival? Who declares what shall be the prevailing color and what shall most induce woman to go to meeting?

"Who declares that this year a clam shell shall be the proper caper, where last year it was a half peck measure turned up at one side. Who sits in the leash of the spring bunnit and pulls the string?

"Who announces to the waiting world that whereas last year the proper thing was red and yellow, this year it shall be yellow and red? Who—I demand?

"In sail the gaily colored craft right and left, a fleet of them. Here is a lovely red-faced girl who ought to wear something not so all-fired red and rosy, yet who blazes a flambeau of crimson roses, that nod in the breezes like the gaily-dipping painted sails of the craft on the Venetian shore of the Lido at one of the scarlet Italian sunsets

"Here comes a fair and stately maiden consciously unconscious under a chip of a bonnet that never put someone back less than forty dollars, and that properly looks to have been made in four minutes and to have cost not over eleven cents

"Here comes the freckled-faced girl, defiant in the hottest thing out of the millinery shop—a dream of picturesqueness. Here is the modest thing of maturer tastes Right and left they gleam, forward and aft they sail

"We percolate into church. The minister preaches of the lessons of the day and the audience settles at last into respectful attention and wonders if its hat is on straight.

"I saw a hat the other day that hadn't floor space enough under it to stick a hatpin into without putting ear flaps on it. It had a porte cochere in front and an ell and carriage house in the rear and a flagpole sticking out of the front window It was green with white trimmings and green blinds. It was a large and roomy structure and looked as though someone would have to follow on behind it all summer and catch it in every high wind.

"I saw another hat—I have been observing for a week or two past, and am not to blame either—that sat right on the back of a little pug-nosed head and that was tied right around to the back hair with pins.

"This is the Shamrock III hat. Every time a breeze gets under the hat it lifts the cup. The girl who wore it was trying to lead a bull-terrier and get around the head of Market street, at the same time. Every time she tried to "wear ship" with the dog in tow, the hat reared into the air like a bucking bronco at sight of a red automobile She had my pity, but had I proffered it she would have scorned it, for the hat was of the very latest shape."

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

There was an enjoyable gathering at the residence of Mrs. J. F. Cassidy in Kittery, on Tuesday evening There were many good things to eat, served to the guests where they sat in the parlor and dining room. The ladies will give the next entertainment. This party was arranged by a marine who was in the Spanish-American war and also in the relief of Pekin and who has lately been honorably discharged from the United States Marine corps.

The Union Label fair—more for your money than at any exhibit ever given in Portsmouth.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Robert W. Yeaton took place at two o'clock this afternoon from his late home on Court street and was largely attended.

Rev. George W. Gile officiated in an impressive manner, and a quartet consisting of Nathaniel Shannon, Robert Jellison, George D. Whittier and Solon Boynton, rendered these selections: "Nearer, My God to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?"

The Knights of Pythias, of which the deceased was a member, had their service at the home, while the Uniformed Rank and the Red Men performed them at the grave.

The pall bearers were delegations from the several orders.

The floral offerings were many and beautiful and included the following: Pillow, "Husband" in purple immortelles; wreath, "father" in purple immortelles; basket, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Joy; spade, T. B. Yeaton; crescent, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Melcon and family; spade, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray; basket, Chester Odiorne; flat bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Campbell; basket, Mr. and Mrs Harry Campbell; flat bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Amazeen; spade, Mrs A. P. Campbell and family; flat bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. F. Odiorne; pillow, "U. R. K. P." in purple immortelles; wreath, "K. O. F. P.," in purple immortelles; bouquet of cut flowers, former Chief John D Randall; spade, Mr and Mrs. Frank Day; flat bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Sawyer; sheaf of wheat, lily and roses, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson; flat bouquet, Mrs. George B. French; broken circle, Mr. and Mrs. Allen A. Rand; bouquet of violets tied with ribbon to match, Golden Rule circle of King's Daughters; bouquet of daybreak pinks and asparagus vine, Mrs. John Sise, Miss Sise, bouquet of Easter lilies tied with white ribbon, Mrs. Calvin Page; flat bouquet Frank F Shannon; large cluster of Easter lilies and smilax, Mrs. Sherman T Newton, Mrs. Herbert C. Wallace, Miss Nellie M. Walden, Miss Grace M. Manent, Mrs. Betton, Mrs. D DeRochemont, Arthur L. Harriman; bouquet of carnations, Mr. and Mrs Rufus Woods, carnations, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Woods; flat bouquet, Mrs. H E. Spinney.

Interment was in the South cemetery by Undertaker Ham.

The funeral of Lieut William Gerrish, a life-long resident of Chelsea, Mass., was held from his home on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Gerrish was a member of the Pepperrell association and took active part in its yearly meetings and was a well known historian and geneaiogist.

THE PORTSMOUTH DELEGATION

The Portsmouth delegation to the Woman's Relief Corps convention in Concord on Wednesday included Miss Fannie A Deverson, Mrs. Annie L Freeman, Mrs. Nellie M Fletcher, Mrs. Emma R Wendell, Mrs. Margaret Humphreys, Mrs. Bertha Smart, Mrs Ida Urch, Mrs. Harriet Kent, Mrs Emma Dore, Mrs. E. Vadna Dame, Mrs Mary E Paul, Mrs Angelina Hayes, Mrs Margaret Burnham, Mrs. Nellie M. Twombley and Mrs. Anna Jose

CITY BRIEFS.

The market showed more strength on Wednesday

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

Hon Edward N. Pearson, secretary of state, is sending out the state manuals for the general court of 1903. The volume contains an excellent likeness of His Excellency Gov. Nahum J. Bachelder.

Half the ills that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

DISTRESSING STOMACH DISEASE

Permanently cured by the masterly power of "South American Nervine Tonic." Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvelous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by all druggists in Portsmouth and jobbers in New York and Boston.

POLICE COURT.

William Ruller, a brick mason, was arraigned before Judge Adams this morning and given a suspended sentence of ninety days for drunkenness.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

"Grandpa," asked small Edna as she watched the old gentleman feeding the chickens, "do all hens eat with their noses?"

"What's patrimony, papa?" asked little Dot.

"Patrimony, my dear," replied papa, "is something inherited from the father."

"Oh," exclaimed Dot, "then matrimony must be something inherited from the mother!"

"Mamma," queried the little Kentucky boy, "what was Adam's first name?"

"He had only the one, dear," she replied.

"And did Eve call him Adam?" was asked.

"I suppose so," answered the mother. "What else could she have called him?"

"Well," replied the little observer, "she might have called him 'Colonel.'"

A pupil in a village school who had been requested to write an essay on the human body handed in the following:

"The human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brains in case there are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs, also the liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the floor and have hinges at the top and middle to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting."—Chicago News.

Easy.



Mr. Johnsing—My wife says she can git two shirts out of a yard. Do yo' think dat's posserbul?

Mr. Jackson—'Deed I do! I got fo' shirts out of a yahd mahself jes las' night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Inside Information.

A Christian Scientist while walking in the country came across a small boy sitting under an apple tree, doubled up with pain.

"My little man," he said, "what is the matter?"

"I ate some green apples," moaned the boy, "and, oh, how I ache!"

"You don't ache," answered the follower of Mrs. Eddy. "You only think so."

The boy looked up in astonishment at such a statement, and then replied, in a most positive manner:

"That's all right. You may think so, but I've got inside information."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Cynic Statesman.

"What did you think of my speech?" said the aspiring young orator.

"Not bad," said the cold man of experience.

"I devoted a great deal of thought to it."

"Yes, that's a mistake young men are apt to make. You put thoughts into your speeches instead of telling the audience stories."—Washington Star.

His New Horse.

"Seen Ezry's new horse?" asked one citizen of another.

"I have," was the reply.

"Well, what does he look like?" asked the questioner impatiently.

"Well, he looks," said the other man slowly, "as if Ezry had taken him for an old debt."—Boston Christian Register.

The Wisdom of It.

"Silence in a man always gives him a reputation for wisdom."

"Very properly. It indicates that the man has wisdom enough to know when to keep his mouth shut."—Baltimore Herald.

Mutual Astonishment.



Teacher—Why, Willy, I am surprised.

Willy—So'm I. I thought I could lick him wid one hand!—New York Journal.

THE HERALD

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Finest Work

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Reasonable Prices.

W. E. Paul

RANGES

AND

PARLOR STOVES

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this as will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gi"

39 to 45 Market Street

Professional Cards.

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DENTAL ROOMS, 18 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

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Office Hours:
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Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

YOU can buy your Sunday dinner at [illegible] at W. H. Smith's as any place in the city. We make special prices on every Saturday. [illegible]

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

IT WILL COME BACK.

Some Portsmouth Residents Have Learned to Keep It Away.

Your back may not ache very long.
But the ache will return shortly.
Comes oftener—stays longer.
Unless the kidneys are relieved.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

Portsmouth people endorse them.

Mr. L. T. Wilson, sailmaker on Market street, says:—"I contracted a very bad cold which affected me in the loins and in the upper part of the chest, causing distressing lameness and some urinary difficulty and I was quite stiffened up. As I had read considerable about Doan's Kidney Pills I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. They went to the spot at once and I didn't use but part of the box before I was quite over my trouble. I gave the balance of my box to a friend and there was plenty to cure him, although neither of us are very light weights. I am prepared from my personal experience and their effects on others to highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. You can refer to me."

50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the Best Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,

LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR

20 High Street.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Landed

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works,

And has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. ROUGHTON

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10c CIGAR

LITTLE GOLD DUST

Havana filled 5c. cigars are now having the largest sales in their history. Quality counts. For sale by all first class dealers.

E. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

SOCIALISM IS NOT THE FRIEND OF LABOR



By Rev. FATHER ANTON HEITER of Buffalo

SOCIALISM IS NOT AND HAS NOT BEEN THE FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMAN. IT OPPOSED THE MOVEMENT TOWARD A BETTER LIFE FOR THE LABORING CLASS WHEN THAT MOVEMENT TOOK FORM UNDER THE DIRECTION OF ORGANIZATION N LABOR UNIONS AND DECRIED THE EFFORTS FOR ADVANCE UNTIL OPPOSITION COULD NO LONGER PREVAIL. Then it knocked on the portal of unionism for admittance and, gaining what it sought, now aspires to obtain control of unionism.

Socialism is in no way responsible for the progress that labor has made today, and the workingman is better paid and lives better in every way than fifty years ago. Among all enlightened nations laws are being adopted or considered to shorten the hours of labor and provide against sickness and old age among the laboring classes. All these things have been brought about by organized labor, and in the beginning socialists stood aside or sought to destroy the fruits of such efforts. They wished to bring the workingmen so low in the mire that they would rise in revolution and bear the socialists to power and leadership.

* * *

BUT WHEN UNIONISM COULD NO LONGER BE IGNORED THE SOCIALISTS APPEARED UPON THE SCENE WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND; THEY SOUGHT OUT THE NEST LABOR HAD BUILT AND DEPOSITED THEREIN THEIR "CUCKOO EGGS" AND ASKED LABOR TO HATCH THEM OUT FOR THEM.

THE BETTER CLASS OF CITIZENS ARE ORGANIZING TO BRING LABOR AND CAPITAL TOGETHER, BUT ALL THE WHILE THE SOCIALISTS ARE TRYING TO KEEP THESE TWO FORCES APART. The state has joined with society in promoting harmony, which socialism opposes, and the state and society have found the church in full sympathy and support of the effort. The highest authority of the Catholic church as long as ten years ago issued the famous encyclical letter pointing out the method by which the final betterment of the workingman's condition could best be brought about. The church preaches peace to all the world, urging capital to give labor its due and labor to recognize its duty.

The Negro Asks No Privilege; He Only Wants an Equal Opportunity

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.....

THE NEGRO RACE IS THE ONLY RACE WHICH SO FAR HAS BEEN ABLE TO LOOK THE WHITE MAN IN THE FACE, TO LIVE BY HIS SIDE, TO INCREASE IN NUMBERS AND WHICH REFUSES TO DIE.

In spite of setbacks here and there, in spite of untoward conditions through which he has passed and is passing, the black man in this country has made steady progress in agricultural skill, property and education. He has always been true to the stars and stripes and to the best interests of this country.

Now we have the two races in contact with each other, not as master and slave, but under the same constitution. IF LIVINGSTON HAD BEEN ASKED WHETHER IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT IN FIFTY YEARS OR EVEN IN 250 YEARS A NEGRO YOUNG MAN WOULD BE A CLASS ORATOR AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, HE MIGHT HAVE SAID "NO."

For thirty-seven years the two races have been facing each other in new relations, and for themselves the black people have had to blaze a path through the wilderness of life. For 250 years the negro has lived among a people who in press and pulpit, in legislative hall and on battlefield, have contended that the most complete development of man can come through the exercise of the most complete freedom compatible with the freedom of others. It would be strange indeed if the eloquence of Patrick Henry when he exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death," had no effect upon the black man.

THE NEGRO ASKS NO PRIVILEGE; ONLY AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY. THE NEGRO CAN AFFORD TO BE WRONGED, BUT THE WHITE RACE CANNOT AFFORD TO DO WRONG WITHOUT SAPPING ITS OWN SWEET LIFE AND DESTROYING THE BEST THEREIN.

The only request I have to make of the white man of the north, as I make it of the white man of the south, is, when you approach the discussion of the negro problem do it with moderation and coolness and justice. THE NEGRO IS NEITHER AN ANGEL NOR A DEVIL, BUT ONLY A MAN. Judge the race not by its worst men, but by its best, as you judge England by Gladstone and Germany by Bismarck.

Tact Is a Grace Born of Education

By CHARLES R. BARRETT, Superintendent of Chicago Athenaeum

TACT IS THE ART OF USING KNOWLEDGE TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. IT IS LUBRICATION TO THE WHEELS OF LIFE. IT UNDERLIES A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE. IT IS A GREAT WORKING FORCE. IT IS A QUALITY THAT SHOULD APPLY IN THE HOME, IN BUSINESS AND IN SOCIETY.

The tactful person does and says the right thing at the right time. He pleases without sacrificing any interests he may represent. He apparently acts without acting and does without doing. He can decline and refuse more graciously than others can accept or give. He is pleasing. He wins friends, opportunities and advantages. TACT IS A GRACE BORN OF EDUCATION.

WHEN ASHLEY CANCELED

By WILLIAM MORRIS

Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.

"Herbert Ashley, lightning illustrator."

So ran the legend on the programme. But the audience which was patiently sitting through the early number of the continuous bill barely gave the line a glance. The headliners they all knew and were anticipating with pleasure, but they wanted to see no succession of snowstorms, vividly colored marines and sketchy figures which when completed could be turned upside down and prove to be something entirely different.

But, while the public and the managers cared nothing for the lightning artist and considered him a necessary evil to be used in filling in better acts, the people in his own little world behind the scenes regarded him with a curious interest not unmixed with respect.

When Mamie Remington, the toe dancer, confided to her best friend that the chalk fakir was "real elegant" and



IN THE RIGHT HAND BOX SAT MABEL STANTON WITH A PARTY.

far above his business, she voiced the sentiments of all the actors who had come in direct contact with him. Yet, much as they wondered, none dared approach Ashley a second time on the subject of his family history.

What Ashley declined to make public was the fact that once on a time his name—Ashton in those days—had been signed to canvases on the salon walls of London and Paris. That was before he met Mabel Stanton. At twenty-three, when fame was just extending to him a gracious, welcoming hand, the pretty American girl had come into his life. Her father had ordered her portrait, and Ashton had found it more than a mere commission—a labor of love. When it was completed, he called upon her father and made a formal demand for her hand.

The retired merchant, a self made man, held in contempt those who did not gain a livelihood by the sweat of their brow, and most of all he jeered at artists as polite grafters supported by a blinded social following. He made no distinction between the rising young painter of portraits and the man who drew garish advertisements on the fences along railroad tracks.

Rather than have his daughter wedded to a loafing Bohemian, as he dubbed Ashton, he whisked Mabel back to America, though, to do him justice, he paid Ashton handsomely for the portrait. Part of this money the artist promptly turned into a steamship ticket and followed the woman of his heart, recklessly turning his back on fame. He reached America only to learn that his ladylove had been taken for a two years' tour around the world.

The fame he had begun to make in London availed him little in busy, bustling New York, and he drifted into doing pot boilers for an art dealer who recognized the young fellow's talent, but preferred getting salable stuff at cost rather than to advance the interests of budding genius. Finally there came a day when heartache and ill prepared food did their work. Ashton was lifted into an ambulance and hurried to the City hospital.

"Brain fever," was the verdict.

He came back to life, and yet the hand of death seemed still to hover above him. He could draw with mechanical correctness, but there was no life, no soul, in his work. He realized somehow that there had been no soul in what he had done since he put the last touch on Mabel Stanton's portrait.

In the cheap boarding house whither he went from the hospital he met a gymnast who became interested in the work of this man who could draw rapidly if unfeelingly. The vaudeville performer suggested an engagement as a lightning artist. Ashton felt it was not his to choose. One must live or be a coward. He had rather prided himself on his ability to fight it out. And perhaps in the new life he might woo back the talent he had lost for love. But he changed the last syllable of his name. Perhaps some day

He had made an inoffensive filler on vaudeville bills for over a year and had grown almost resigned to his monotonous life when one afternoon on his way to the theater he glanced at the so called social record of a notoriously unreliable daily. But he forgot its reputation for inaccuracies when he saw the announcement of Mabel's engagement to a young army officer of high social standing.

So this was the end. Fiercely something seemed to seethe and boil within him. It was she who had clouded his life and stolen his cunning. And she had taught him to love her. She had wooed him at every sitting for that marvelous portrait which instead of bringing him fame had taken with it his chance for success and happiness.

In this condition he gazed stupidly at the note handed him by the doorkeeper at the stage entrance. He was not to go on so early as usual this afternoon. He would, in fact, precede the strong man recently imported from abroad and who was creating a tremendous sensation and attracting fashionable folk to the continuous houses. Ashley thoroughly understood the reason of the change in his hour and thought bitterly as he slipped on his shabby Tuxedo coat that it was simply because the manager wanted him to work out front while the stage hands were setting the heavy scene for the strong man.

With equal dullness and lack of interest he stepped on the stage when his call came. As he bowed mechanically he glanced across the footlights with idle curiosity. Then he leaned forward, a sudden light flamed in his eyes, and his pulse throbbed violently. In the right hand box sat Mabel Stanton with a party of smart people, evidently bent upon seeing the latest European sensation.

He turned to the blackboard over which had been stretched some sheets of white paper and reached for the charcoal with which to draw his first sketch. Then for a moment he hesitated, wondering if this peculiar throbbing in his head would never cease. Some one in the audience coughed; there was a restless rustling of programmes. They were waiting for him. And still he stood, swaying slightly, the sheets of paper gleaming before his aching eyes.

Then suddenly something in his brain seemed to snap. He clutched the charcoal feverishly, and a moment later he was laying in the outline of a woman's face with firm, authoritative strokes. They were not the rude, uncouth strokes of the charcoal stage artist now. There was fire; there was the old time power in his hand. He forgot his audience. The twelve minutes allotted to him on the programme passed, but he paid no heed. The stage manager signaled him violently from the wings. "He's been drinking," exclaimed that astute gentleman, but he dared not risk a scene by having him removed bodily.

For twenty minutes he worked on feverishly, then stood aside. A ripple of surprise seemed to run over the expectant house, then cheers, for even to the boys in the gallery that picture was instinct with life and truth and genius. A girl leaned forward in the right hand box; the audience glanced from her to the picture and back to the girl. Then came another thunder of applause. Ashley was backing uncertainly off the stage. In the entrance he fell fainting at the stage manager's feet.

He came to in his dingy dressing room, now glorified by the presence of the woman he loved. Her voice came to him uncertainly, tearfully, from far, far away.

"Herbert, dear, I've found you after all these weary months. I am my own mistress now, and nothing shall separate us."

He clung to her hand like a tired child.

"And I can work again. It was your face that brought it all back." He turned whimsically to the manager, who had come round from the front of the house to learn what it was all about.

"Mr. Kean, I guess you'd better get some one else to work in 'one.' I've just made a date that is going to last."

Proportions of a Perfect Figure.

The height of a person with a perfect figure should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand when the arms are fully extended.

Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest from one armpit to the other should also give the height of the whole body.

The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be exactly midway between the first named point and the ground at the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast.

From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits and from the heel to the toe.

The Air In a Room.

Given a medium sized sitting room with four people and two gas jets, the air must be changed every fifty minutes to keep it pure. As air is heated it expands and becomes lighter per cubic foot. If all the air is heated equally, it remains at rest after expansion, but if hot air is in the presence of cold air the latter, by reason of its heaviness, forces its way down and drives the hot air up. The moving force of air currents is the greater weight of the colder air. This, then, is the force by which we are to drive out foul air and put pure air in its place. Pure external air will always drive out foul air if you give it a chance.

Six Yards Of Yarn

By ALICE MACGOWAN

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The dust rose in choking clouds. The feet of the dancers thudded a dull accompaniment to the wailing music which the Mexican sheep shearers drew from harp and guitar. One or two men were dancing with spurs on till a ripped dress and a shrill feminine protest excluded them from the floor.

It was a ranch dance at Billy Motlow's Bar 13 ranchhouse, and the ladies who graced the occasion, except Louise Morrison and Miss Willie Porter, the schoolteacher, were all married women. Their numerous progeny had been stowed in an adjoining room. Mrs. Billy, aware of what would be expected, had made a bed of blankets and comfortables along one wall. There the youngsters reposed, their bare toes sticking out toward the beholder.

Poor Gene McKnight leaned against a doorcasing and watched the dancers. He was outcast from the whole festivity since he might not even speak to Louise Morrison. The girl looked pale, heavy eyed and unhappy. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Zack Morrison, who rejoiced in the singularly felicitous nickname of "Chubb," a round faced, tight skinned, red checked, black beady eyed woman, dancing in the same set with Louise, kept a sharp lookout that McKnight got nowhere near her charge. She was bounding like a rubber ball through the figures, her small black eyes snapping with delight. She could afford to enjoy herself, for her attitude toward McKnight and her intentions concerning her husband's sister were matters well known and clearly understood by all present. The bachelor population of the county, disporting itself in the dance and pretty much all either actual or potential suitors of Louise, lent willing and valuable assistance.

Gene McKnight was the finest looking, best hearted and sweetest tempered six feet of masculinity on the whole Packsaddle range. He was an inspired



HE GAVE A GOOD STRONG PULL ON HIS END OF THE YARN STRING.

cattleman and had come up rapidly from cow puncher, wagon boss, ranch boss, to have a nice bunch of cattle and a good ranch of his own. When lovely Louise Morrison, then only seventeen years old, came out to stay with her brother Zack on his Texas ranch, the Open M., she became at once in that community of eligible bachelorhood a belle and the possessor of many desirable suitors. Gene, whose ranch, the Lazy K., adjoined the Open M., soon made it plain that she had his heart, and the girl, artless and impulsive and with no vestige of the coquette in her makeup, allowed it to appear as plainly that her own was given to Gene in exchange.

The disappointed swains took their defeat as becomes men, and all would now have gone well for the lovers had it not been for Mrs. Chubb's only and adored offspring, Beauregard, a youth of some four summers, and, as Packsaddle declared to a man, "the ornerlest brat that ever dragged his lariat round over the Texas Panhandle." The seemingly favorable fact of propinquity was what probably procured Gene's downfall, for, waxing familiar with the young man's personality, not to say his anatomy, Beauregard proceeded to practice upon him the methods pursued toward his mother, his cat and his toys.

Mrs. Chubb's darling had apparently decided in his infantile mind to destroy McKnight. The process having gone about as far as was safe—and much further than was comfortable—and no remonstrance being offered by the sweetly smiling Mrs. Chubb, McKnight firmly but kindly restrained the young cannibal from the actual demolition of his features.

It was enough—it was more than enough. Mrs. Chubb never forgave this slighting behavior toward her cherished offspring. Indeed, the more she thought of the matter the bitterer she waxed until McKnight was forbidden the house. Mrs. Chubb declared that she would rather hand Louise over to a horse thief than to a brute like Gene McKnight, who would undoubtedly beat her since he would go so far as to cruelly mistreat a little child—and, before its own mother's eyes!

Poor Gene thought of these things as he leaned against the doorway and looked on at the dance. Now, this doorway led to the room where the children were stowed. A yap and a slight scuffle among them attracted his attention and appeared to suggest something. He glanced at Chubb Morrison. What if the plot which had just flashed into his mind offered not only a solution of his and Louise's troubles, but a chance to get even with this redoubtable matron and her ill tempered youngster, who had made Louise's life a burden ever since she came to the Open M.!

Gene hurried out to the corral, made certain arrangements there, then slipped back into the children's room, where he proceeded to connect all those bare and stubby toes one with the other at good, liberal distances by a firmly attached line of yarn. He first tried it thoughtfully and doubled it after doing so. "I don't want to exactly jerk their toes out," he muttered, "and yet the Lord knows—fer he made 'em—that 'twould serve most of 'em about right."

This done, he went back to his post at the doorway and gave a good strong pull on his end of the yarn string. There ensued a subdued growling in the room behind him which waxed and grew to a series of howls, in which every species of juvenile voice entreated for "Mommer!" "Maw!" "Mammy!" The din, flowing like a tidal wave over the music of the orchestra, reached the ears of Mrs. Chubb. She paused in her evolutions, flung up her head like a warhorse that sniffs the battle and bounced, as Gene afterward declared, with one mighty bounce clean into the middle of the struggling juvenility in the next room.

"And I reckon," he added always in telling the story, "that it was plumb time she should git thar, for them young uns was jest a-eatin' each other's heads off all simultaneous."

This was the last of his actual observations. As he turned toward the ballroom to find what chance the diversion gave him with Louise he met Billy Motlow's wife and the spouse of Nick Doyle both charging toward the children's room with fury written upon their countenances.

Fleeing silently, Gene found Louise near the outside door. With one sob she was in his arms in the semidarkness. "Now's our chance, sweetheart!" he whispered in the little ear he had just ardently kissed, and with her hand in his they escaped unobserved toward the corral.

And back in "the court of the children" the fight raged awfully. The men, great, easy going chaps in clumping cowboy boots, stood back in foolish helplessness while their wives pulled, jerked, thrust and screamed with shrill voices and blazing eyes.

Children were snatched and clawed back and forth (along with the exchange of much bitter reproach and invective), inquired of, violently rejected, the yarn weaving in and out and round and through, the youngsters splitting the air at every jerk, until some woman a little saner than the others discovered its existence and displayed it to the onlookers.

A sudden pause of amazement followed this revelation, and upon this abrupt stillness burst a very full explanation of both its authorship and its purpose, for there flashed across the lighted space outside the windows a stream of galloping ponies, followed and driven by a mounted man and a girl, Gene swinging his lariat and whooping joyously and Louise lending a willing hand and voice to the work.

And Zack Morrison's foghorn tones were lifted: "Thar, now! Gene McKnight's done skipped with Lou while you all was a-foolin' here over this trick of his'n on the young uns. Stampeded the ponies too! They ain't a hoof left to chase 'em on, an' I'm glad of it!"

How He Joined the Church.

The story is told that on one of our missionary fields a native approached the missionary and declared that he wished to join the church. He was carefully examined, as is the custom, and answered satisfactorily most if not all of the questions put to him. Just before completing the examination the missionary asked the native if he had a wife. "Yes," he replied, "I have two." "Well," said the missionary, "we cannot receive you into the church if you have two wives. We are sorry, because you give a good account of yourself, but so long as you have two wives we cannot receive you into the membership of the church." Some time elapsed and the native appeared again before the missionary and stated that there was now no objection to his entering the church. The missionary said, "How about your second wife?" "Oh," replied the native, "that's all right. I have eaten her."—London Standard.

A Magisterial Logician.

A bailie of Glasgow was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before him with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot 'o my ain pouch this verra week." The same magisterial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime ye are fined seven and sixpence." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proved. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak' the fine 8 shillings."—London Tit-Bits.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

UNCLE SAM ABROAD.

HOW HE IS REPRESENTED IN EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

United States Not Regarded as a Liberal Employer—Compensation in the Consular Service—Our German Ambassador.

When Charlemagne Tower, ambassador to Germany, recently entertained the elite of Berlin's official life at the opening of the splendid palace which now houses the American embassy to the court of the kaiser, he inaugurated a new era in the social life of Uncle Sam's representatives at the more important European capitals.

For the first time the embassy of the United States at Berlin is in a palatial residence in keeping with the dignity of the great nation which it represents. This is not due to the liberality of the American government, but to the wealth of Mr. Tower, whose income allows him to live in a style in comport with that of the ambassadors of the other great nations of the earth.

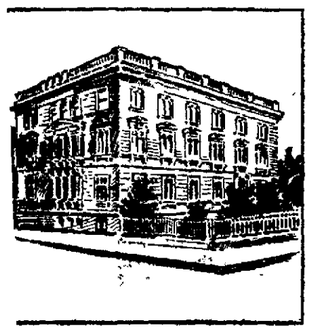
Ambassador Tower's new home is one of the finest private residences in Berlin and has been redecorated in a



MRS. CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

most artistic manner under his private supervision. He is planning to make the embassy at Berlin the most brilliant in Europe. His palace, which was leased from a nobleman of high rank in the German empire, overlooks the stately reichstag building and the colossal Bismarck statue. Mr. Tower intends to entertain on a most lavish scale, and his only regret is that the reception and dining rooms are hardly spacious enough to meet the requirements of his ambition.

No other United States ambassador except Mr. McCormick, at St. Petersburg, has attempted to keep pace with the representatives of the European courts in a social way, but that the manner in which a United States embassy is housed has much to do with the importance attached to the ambassador is shown by the attention given Ambassador McCormick at St. Petersburg. Mr. McCormick, being a man of much wealth, secured new and elaborate quarters for the embassy, and at its first reception the czar instructed both his masters of ceremonies, Count Tendrikoff and Prince Scheremetjeff, to make all the arrangements for the ambassador and to officiate at the reception, introducing all the high func-



UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT BERLIN.

naries of the court, the members of government and the diplomatic ps to the United States representa-e. By appointing the masters of emonies the czar conferred a spe-l distinction on Mr. McCormick.

here has always been much criti-n heard in diplomatic circles abroad ause the embassies of the United tes in Europe were not housed in ordance with the importance of the ntry. It has been explained that tentious houses were not taken be-se the ambassador had to pay the t from his own pocket. This is not case with ambassadors of European ons, who are furnished by their ernments with suitable houses, and as been difficult for Europe to un-tand that the United States makes llowance for its diplomatic corps ntertain.

ven in its consular service the Unit-States is regarded by other nations omewhat niggardly in the matter emuneration. There are now 327 s in the service, and, while perhaps the poorest paid, it is looked upon dy as the most efficient consular s in the world, and President evelt, who has taken great inter-s this work, has been doing his ut-to improve it.

ere are forty-five consulates gen-at the important seaports, and receive generous compensation in y and fees. Consuls general re-in salaries from $3,000 to $5,000 r, added to which are fees aggre-g from a mere nominal sum to ands of dollars annually, accord-the business of the port.

TEA AND CIGARETTES.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderbilt, Who Caters to the Ladies of the Four Hundred.

Mrs. Jacob H. Vanderbilt, who recently caused such a flutter among New York's Four Hundred by opening a shop on Fifth avenue in which tea



MRS. JACOB H. VANDERBILT.

and cigarettes are dispensed to society dames, is a relative of the famous Vanderbilt family by marriage. She is an attractive woman, with decidedly original ideas. It is said that the Vanderbilts are much disturbed over the use of the family name in connection with the shop.

AN AMERICAN PRELATE.

Archbishop Montgomery, New Metropolitan of the See of Manila.

Most Rev. George Montgomery, coadjutor archbishop of San Francisco since September of last year, who has just been appointed archbishop of Manila, is of thoroughly American descent, tracing back his family to pre-Revolutionary times.

The new archbishop is a native of Kentucky and is a nephew of Zacha-



ARCHBISHOP MONTGOMERY.

riah Montgomery, who was assistant attorney general under the first Cleveland administration and later was a federal judge in Montana.

TOM JOHNSON'S DAUGHTER

Why She Gave Up the Idea of Studying Dramatic Art.

Miss Bessie Johnson, daughter of Tom L. Johnson, who has just been elected mayor of the city of Cleveland for the second time, has been forced by



MISS BESSIE JOHNSON.

her father to give up her hope that one day she should shine behind the footlights as a star.

Miss Johnson is one of the most beautiful young women in Cleveland society. She is only twenty years old and has appeared many times in amateur plays.

POORHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT

How New Member of Commons Rose From the Depths of Poverty.

Will Crooks, the labor leader, whose election to the British parliament from the nominally safe borough of Woolwich came as a serious blow to the Balfour government, was born in poverty and owes his success as much to the heroism and devotion of his mother as to his own indomitable courage and perseverance.

As a lad of nine Will Crooks lived with his mother in the poorhouse at Poplar, one of the working class suburbs of London. More than forty years have passed since then. Crooks is now chairman of the Poplar board of guardians (the same that ordered his family into the poorhouse), mayor of the district, member of the London county council, the body which governs the metropolis, and holder as well of a number of less important offices. Besides he is now member of parliament for the borough formerly represented by Lord Charles Beresford.

Will Crooks' mother was a heroine. When her husband died, she had seven little children to provide for, of whom Will was the eldest. She made a plucky fight to keep out of the poorhouse, and it was against her will that



WILL CROOKS, M. P.

she and her babies were obliged to accept relief. She did not remain long, however, and the first thing the guardians knew she was out again and fighting for a living.

At the age of eleven Will left school and went to work in a blacksmith's shop. Later he learned the trade of cooper. He became interested in the labor cause and his strong personality soon sent him to the front and he became a power in labor circles.

The rest of his story is similar to that of John Burns, the famous labor member of parliament. Crooks, who is now fifty-one, is a man of good humor, much native wit, indomitable energy and sterling honesty.

MANCHURIA'S FORESTS.

What John Muir Expects to Find In That Unknown Country.

John Muir, the eminent scientist who discovered the great Alaskan glacier that bears his name, is still hale and hearty despite his sixty-five years and is about to begin what is probably the most hazardous undertaking of his eventful career. In company with Frederick Leroy Sargent, the author and botanist, Mr. Muir is going to Siberia to explore the forests of that region and Manchuria and the far east.

Muir will leave his home at Martinez, Cal., about the middle of May and will



JOHN MUIR.

join Sargent in New York. They will sail to Europe, take the Transsiberian railway and journey across the great steppes to that country which is said to be of all wildernesses the wildest and least known.

John Muir has spent forty years of his life in the study of nature. He has explored all the wildest and most inaccessible places in America, has studied the forests and hills of Norway and spent much time in the islands of the Pacific. His work is recognized among all the high scientists and literary authorities, and his report of what he sees in the east will doubtless add much to the world's knowledge.

The trip will consume the better part of a year, and his journeyings will extend to Japan, Java and the Philippines. Mr. Muir expects to find in Manchuria some relations of the sequoias of California. "They are known to exist in Japan," said Mr. Muir recently, "but I am satisfied that nowhere shall I find any trees as large as our giant redwoods of California."

Frederick Leroy Sargent is one of the most learned botanists of this country. He wrote "Silva of North America," an exhaustive work in fourteen enormous volumes, which is regarded as an authority on the trees of this country.

HER BANKERS

By C. B. Lewis

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No other little blond widow has had such luck before or since. When she drove up to the seashore hotel in the bus, seven different men were instantly conscious of a feeling of admiration for her. She was petite and handsome and vivacious and—a widow.

Those seven men worked for introductions and got them. They worked to make an impression, and each succeeded. There were a Major Marsh, a Judge Truax, a Lawyer Hopkins, a real estate man, a capitalist and a contractor. It kept the little blond widow rather busy to entertain the seven and satisfy each one that the other six were totally indifferent to her, but by rising early and sitting up late she managed things very well indeed. She also managed to let it be known that her late deceased had left her something like a million dollars. She might have given exact figures, but she didn't. She might have also increased the number of her admirers from seven to seventeen when it became known that she had money to burn, but she stuck to the original number for the sake of luck.

You can do more loving at the seashore in a week than on the crest of a mountain in a month. Indeed, if you don't fall in love and propose within a fortnight you are looked upon as one who got there by mistake. Major Marsh had been acquainted with the little blond widow just thirteen days when he proposed marriage and was accepted. It wasn't a straight from the shoulder acceptance, but you understand how coy widows get around giving a square answer to such proposals. They blush or try their best to blush. They murmur something about its being very sudden, giggle a little, cast down their eyes, and all of a sudden a plump little hand steals into yours, and you have gained the victory.

The days went by and went by. The days couldn't help it, you know. The major had known the widow exactly



THE MAJOR FOUND THE DEAR LITTLE THING IN TEARS.

twenty-two days and had been engaged to her over a week when she sent him a note asking him to call on her. She hadn't appeared at breakfast that morning nor come down for her 11 o'clock bath, and he had been greatly worried. Little blond widows are as frail as little china teacups, and one can never tell when they may break to pieces.

The major had no wings to fly with, but he got to the ladies' parlor without loss of time and found the dear little thing in tears. They were tears of grief and anxiety, and each one resembled a pearl. Several things had happened all at once, she explained. Her lawyer in New York had gone out of town and failed to forward her quarterly check; two or three bills had come in unexpectedly, which is a way bills have of doing when one is short; a friend of hers at another resort had telegraphed her for a loan. Taken altogether, she was in a peck of trouble, and it would take a thousand dollars to get her out of it. She could, of course, telegraph her broker to sell some of her stocks, she could sacrifice some of her government bonds, she could even appeal to Judge Truax, who was a man of money, but—

What did the major do? Why, he put his arms around his dear little Laurie and patted her blond head and laughed at her for being troubled over such a trifle as that. The idea of her being worried and distressed for the want of a thousand dollars when he could place ten times that sum in her hands within an hour! Didn't she want two thousand—three thousand—five thousand instead? It was all the same to him—all in the family. No, she didn't want but one thousand, and she called him her dear George and wiped away her tears and looked cuter than ever. Stay, however! If he could just as well spare $2,000, she would use the odd thousand to set decorators at work in her New York mansion and give an order for her trousseau.

The major was almost vexed with her because she wouldn't accept $5,000 instead, but she was firm on that point. When he handed her the vulgar dross he printed two long, lingering kisses on her ruby lips. Those kisses cost him just a thousand dollars apiece, but at the time he thought they were cheap at that.

After the kisses the widow named the wedding day. He was to meet her in Pittsburg two weeks from that day and be quietly married, and later on they would proceed to New York and her Fifth avenue mansion. Three days later she left for Pennsylvania to close up a coal mine affair that had been worrying her for some months, and the light of the major's life went out.

Two long weeks! It was an eternity to the major, especially as he only received one brief letter from the widow. The hours and days crept away, and one morning he started for Pittsburg. So did the judge, the lawyer and the three others hitherto named. The seven of them took the same train and rode in the same car. Each looked self satisfied and supercilious.

The major condescended to explain that he was going to Pittsburg on private business of great importance, and the others condescended to make the same explanation. The major murmured that it seemed curious that all seven of them should have private business up there on the same day and that no one had mentioned his journey to the other, but they only smiled and assumed knowing looks. He then announced that he was rather glad of their company, as they would be on the spot to congratulate him over a certain event, but they looked at him in an absent way and didn't see the point of the joke.

The gang reached Pittsburg in due time. Curiously enough, they all went to the same hotel, but no one tried to explain it. The major was the first to register and ascend to the ladies' parlor, but the other six were not long behind him. He remarked on the singularity of the thing, but the six looked at the toes of their boots and smiled. Seven cards had been sent upstairs to the little blond widow to tell her that her seven different admirers were waiting, but she didn't come down, and the landlord didn't know whether she was in Halifax or Texas.

Explanations were in order, of course. It was a drama in seven acts. Each one of the seven had been accepted by the widow, and each one had advanced her money and was to meet her in Pittsburg and lead her to the altar. For a time the seven called each other liars and scoundrels and shook their fists under each other's nose, but on motion of the major they finally swore each other to secrecy, and every man lied as he declared that he saw through the little widow from the very start and that he had not even spent five minutes of his time or 15 cents of his cash for her benefit.

The Policemen of Nice.

The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so businesslike, and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer for a direction, he will say briefly, "Two streets ahead of you, first turning to the left." Not so the Nice policeman. I asked one the other day if he could tell me where the Rue Lamartine was.

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"

"Yes. Is it on the Rue Lamartine?"

"No; that is the Church of Notre Dame, and opposite to it is"—

"Ah, I see—it is the Rue Lamartine."

"Oh, no; that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is"—

"The Rue Lamartine?"

"Oh, no; that is the Boulevard Dubouchage. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks, and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri! How are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you. Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up there for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are at the Rue Lamartine."—Argonaut.

The Result of an Accident.

Talleyrand was the greatest diplomatist of his day. His father was a military officer, and the boy would no doubt have been educated to the same profession but for an accident which befell him in childhood.

After the fashion of the time, he was intrusted to the care of a woman some miles away from home. While in her charge his foot was dislocated by a fall. It was not properly cared for, and his parents did not become aware of the fact until it was too late to correct the error.

The abnormal strain brought upon the other foot soon induced a lameness in that also, and the boy thus became a cripple for life. This seeming misfortune determined a change in the plans of his parents for him, and as a result the name of Talleyrand has become one of the most familiar among the great ones of modern history.

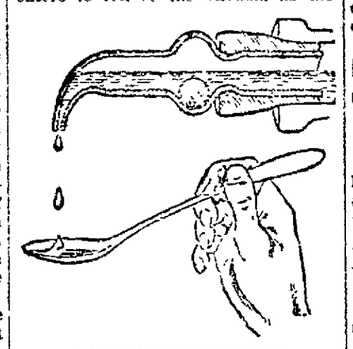
Terrible Life of the Epileptic.

Sufferers from epilepsy must be accounted among the most unfortunate of human beings. An early development of the malady darkens all the patient's prospects in life. However domestic his disposition, he cannot anticipate a home of his own. He is largely shut out from ordinary occupations. He is an unwelcome visitor in the social circle, and his own sensitiveness leads him to shrink from joining it. If he ventures upon the street, he is liable at any moment to be thrown violently to the ground; if he remains at home, he is in the same danger of falling downstairs or against the sharp corners of the furniture or upon a hot stove. He lives in perpetual dread.

WITH THE DOCTORS

Any one who has had experience in the care of the sick knows that it is no easy task to gauge the doses of medicine prescribed by the physician, and perhaps those who perform the duties of the nurse can best appreciate the advantage of the dropping mouthpiece for bottles presented in the illustration. It is formed of a glass tube, with a contracted outlet and an enlargement near the center, in which is seated a glass ball. It is intended, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, that when the bottle is in an upright position the ball will fall to the center of the contracted portion of the tube and completely seal the opening to prevent evaporation. A rubber sleeve which fits over the rear end of the tube insures a tight joint when the device is applied to bottles of different sizes.

The upper side of the tube contains a small perforation, through which air enters to relieve the vacuum as the



A BOON FOR THE SICKROOM.

liquid flows out, which action, owing to the contracted opening, takes place only a drop at a time. After the required number of drops have been measured out the bottle is gradually returned to its vertical position, permitting all the liquid to return to its lowest level before the ball leaves its seat in the enlargement and seals the opening.

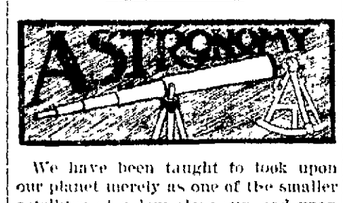
Should the liquid carry the ball beyond its seat in the outward rush the flow is not prevented owing to the peculiar shape of the tube at the place where the ball finds lodgment.

Diet in Rheumatism.

G. O. Jarvis, says the International Medical Magazine, thus sums up the result of his researches: Allow a liberal meat diet, cooked by being either broiled or roasted, and served rare. Eat carbohydrates in moderation, cooked so as to preserve the salts—that is to say, by frying in an excess of boiling oil—and fats in rather small amounts. Water should be drunk plentifully, and it should be especially directed that some water be taken between meals. Alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee are to be used in great moderation. It is better not to take alcoholic drinks at all.

Typhoid Fever Serum.

A typhoid antitoxin serum invented by Dr. Allen Macfayden and indorsed by no less a person that Lord Lister is the latest medical discovery, says the Scientific American. Dr. Macfayden is the director of the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine. Briefly stated, Dr. Macfayden's discovery consists in this: He has found that by crushing the cells of the typhoid bacillus in liquid air the intercellular juices are not only obtained without living organisms, but are also rendered highly toxic. When injected into living animals, these juices produce a blood serum which acts as an antidote against the poison generated by the typhoid bacillus. The novel feature in this process is the use of liquid air, the function of which is not fully understood as yet.



We have been taught to look upon our planet merely as one of the smaller satellites of a low class sun and upon ourselves, at least from an astronomical point of view, as something less than grasshoppers, says the Literary Digest. Now, however, Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, the veteran English biologist, regards it as proved that our solar system is practically in the center of the universe, which is certainly limited in extent, and that the earth is in the most favorable position in that system for the development of life; hence, in a biological sense, we are in the center of things after all. Professor Wallace believes that we are the only intelligent living beings in existence and that the creation of the universe has culminated in our appearance, which was its end and aim.

Puzzle For Astronomers.

The new star that flashed out in Perseus at the beginning of the twentieth century seems to be the herald of another revision of our astronomy. Professor Simon Newcomb shows reasons for assigning this star to the Milky Way and that a conservative estimate is that its light, traveling at 180,000 miles per second, must require 3,400 years to reach the earth. The nebula that has spread from this star has reached a diameter of more than four minutes of arc in a few months. Until now explosions of hydrogen have seemed to explain the blazing up of suns in two or three days to thousands of times their original brightness, but the incandescent gas from these explosions seems incapable of traveling more than a few hundred miles per second, and the Perseus nebula has extended with vastly greater velocity.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERF THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

DAN CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

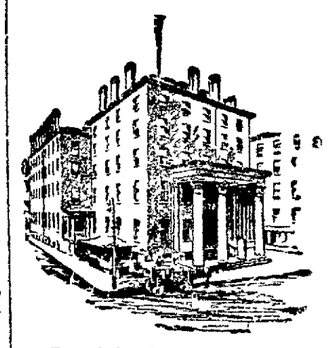
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Charlesen, Noble Chief; Fred Heiser Vice Chief; William Hempshire, High Priest; Frank T. Meloon, Venerable Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Herald; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month. Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Counselor; John Hooper, Vice Councilor; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W Marden, Treasurer; Chester E. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVATED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co

ALSO PROPRIETORS

BOSTON TAVERN

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from $1.00 Up

Old India Pale Ale

Homstead Ale

AND

Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your Dealer for them.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

APRIL 16.

Sun rises	5 01	Moon rises	11:03 P. M.
Sun sets	6 26	High Water	04 15 A. M.
Length of Day	13 22	Full Sea	02 45 P. M.

Last Quarter, April 19th, 4h. 33m., evening, W.
New Moon, March 27th, 8h. 31m., morning, E.
First Quarter, May 4th, 2h. 36m., morning, W.
Full Moon, May 11th, 8h. 18m., morning, W.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, April 15.—Forecast for New England: Rain Thursday morning followed by clearing weather; high northeast winds, becoming north and norwest.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 8008-3.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

CITY BRIEFS.

The time is here when no one knows
Just when to shake his winter clothes;
For if you wear 'em you feel bad,
And if you don't you wish you had.
—Washington Star.

This is a busy week.

March weather all right.

1903 will soon be the old year.

The April showers are too strenuous.

Don't put on your low shoes just yet.

The city councils will meet tonight.

Many big events are scheduled for the next few weeks.

Abraham Lincoln died thirty-eight years ago yesterday.

Mackerel and bluefish have come into the market again.

The summer man has decided to postpone his appearance.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Strawberries are becoming more plentiful and are cheaper.

A number of Italian laborers arrived from Boston today.

Baseball fans can't enthuse over the game in this weather.

There are forty New Hampshire students at Brown University.

Remember the big Union Label fair in Freeman's hall this evening.

The weather man's predictions for this month are beginning to be confirmed.

In some respects it is an early spring but where are all the hand organs?

The license commissioners are getting their offices in Concord in shape for business.

Hear Messrs Wheeler and Mitchell in their latest songs, at the Union Label fair tonight.

Get your Lawn Grass Seed and Lawn Fertilizer at Schurman's Seed Store, 75 Market street.

The cold rain which prevails is a reminder that summer and straw hats are some distance in the future

Freeman's hall was very active today with carpenters and decorators preparing for the Union Label fair this evening

The local hotels are beginning to recover from the annual dull season and are filling up with business men in the spring trade

The man who goes into the stock market at the present time is likely to come out with the usual supply of unavailable experience.

A number of people having summer homes along the coast came here this morning to look over their property after the storm.

The exact day that the Barnum and Bailey show is to visit this city will not be set until the route through this part of New England has been mapped out.

"Little Colds." Thousands of lives sacrificed every year Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds, cures big colds, too, down to the very verge of consumption

Special cars will be run to York and York Beach on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week to accommodate patrons of Music hall, The Evil Eye on Friday evening and Ezra Kendall on Saturday evening.

Congressman Sulloway is in receipt of an invitation from Congressman Richard Barthold, one of the congressmen from the city of St Louis, to attend the dedication of the exposition buildings and grounds in that city in honor of the Louisiana Purchase, during the last week in April.

DONATION PARTY.

By Inasmuch Circle Of King's Daughters.

INMATES OF HOME FOR AGED WOMEN BENEFITED.

Bountiful Supper Enjoyed By The Venerable People.

A VARIED AND PLEASING PROGRAM FOLLOWS THE FEAST.

Inasmuch circle of King's Daughters of the North church gave the annual donation party at the Home for Aged Women on Wednesday afternoon and evening from 4 to 8 o'clock, and with the usual generous number of members aiding in the good work The rooms were adorned with cut flowers.

The visitors were received by the leader, Mrs. John P. Sweetser and the vice president, Mrs. J. H. Hutchinson.

It was a veritable pound party, and the number of these packages were as numerous as their contents will be helpful.

The arrangements for the supper were complete in each detail and Mrs. J. P. Sweetser asked the blessing. The feast embraced the following:

Salads
Chicken, Vegetables
Meats
Sliced Tongue Sliced Ham
Hot Rolls
Pickles Olives Cheese
Peach preserve, Assorted cake
Lemon Sherbet, Ice Cream
Tea Coffee

All but one of the eleven venerable inmates were able to be present and partake, and enjoyed the good things with keenest relish

The table was handsomely adorned with bouquets of roses and carnations and in the center was a large vase of Easter lilies. At each plate was a bunch of carnations and asparagus plumosus.

During the afternon and evening coffee was poured and cake served by Mrs. John W Parsons and Mrs Charles E Walker, assisted by Mrs. Arthur J Lance and Mrs George Gookin

Miss Beatrice Hartford entertained the aged ladies with piano selections before the supper. After the feast, a varied and pleasing program was presented, as follows:

Piano solo,
Miss May Ellery.
Vocal solo—"At Easter Time."
Robert Ellery
Reading,
Mrs. George S Heaton
Vocal solo,
Robert Ellery.
Duet,
Beatrice and Emma Hartford
Reading,
Mrs Heaton.
Vocal solo—"My Kentucky Babe,"
Robert Ellery.

The committee on supper consisted of Mrs F. W Hartford, Mrs W. O Junkins, Mrs. C T F Smith.

Cake—Mrs Robert Boyd. Mrs. Charles N Currier;

Coffee—Mrs. James L Parker, Mrs Henry H Dutton;

Entertainment—Mrs James R Connell, Mrs Robert L. Ellery, Mrs. William Young

Bundles were received by Mrs Fred R. Ames and Miss Clyde Spinney.

The donation party was a positive success, and Inasmuch circle deeply enshrined itself in the hearts of the recipients of these attentions

The donations embraced a box of soap from the King's Daughters, 80 packages, a wire doormat and $2.50 in money.

OPENED THIS AFTERNOON.

Sale In Peirce Hall By Ladies of St. John's Parish.

The ladies of St John's parish opened a sale in Peirce hall this afternoon and to continue through the evening The generosity with which the managers have catered is manifested on every side, and there are liberally supplied tables devoted to the ensuing:

Candy—Miss Alice Larkin and associates, Misses Sarah E. Bradford, Marguerite Berry, Bianca Cogswell.

Fancy work—Miss Emily Bracelin, Mrs. Thomas H. Simes, Miss Margaret Hatch, Mrs. Arthur Locke, Mrs. T. J. Burke, Mrs. Edgar D. Stoddard, Mrs Charles J. Parslow.

Ice cream and cake—Mrs. William B. Newton, Mrs. George A. Mudge. Tete-a-tete tables were in much demand for these dainties and were in charge of Miss Alice Newton and Mrs. S. Montgomery Hanson.

The waitresses were Hattie Bilbruck, Emma Clark, Dorothy Philbrick, Margaret Pilgrim and Bertha Trueman.

Miss Jessie Woods gave piano selections during the afternoon.

The spirited little farce by William Dean Howells, "The Mouse Trap," which was effectively presented some months ago at the navy yard by a select company, was by request repeated at this sale, and will also be staged for the evening. The cast, which has been coached by Mrs. F. L. Benedict, is as follows:

Mrs. Summus,	Miss Louise Hovey
Mrs. Roberts,	May Yates
Mrs. Kerwin,	Carrie Hatch
Mrs. Bemis,	Helen Seavey
Mrs. Miller,	Lou Randall
Jane,	Marguerite Berry
Willis Campbell,	Frederick Cooke

The hall is trimmed with southern smilax and the tables are adorned with cut flowers and candelabra.

The navy yard orchestra, assisted by Miss Woods, plays for dancing this evening

A HOUSE WARMING.

Alpha Council Plans to Have One On May 6.

The regular meeting of Alpha Council, Royal Arcanum, was held on Wednesday evening and one candidate was initiated.

It was voted to have a house warming on May 6 and to invite the members of the Dover, Somersworth and Exeter councils, with their ladies. The entertainment will consist of a dance in Peirce hall with whist and a musical program in the upper hall, and refreshments

Regent F. S Towle has appointed the several committees to take charge of the affair

The council includes among its members a great many of the business and professional men of the city

AN INTERESTING TOPIC.

License Question Draws Forth All Sorts of Opinions.

The license question is still an interesting topic of conversation and all kinds of opinions are heard. That most generally given by those who are in the habit of predicting results is for a majority of from four to five hundred for license, and not a few bets have been made on these figures.

There is also considerable interest taken in the question of who will get the appointment of liquor agent here.

There are several candidates and all are hustling for petitions and letters of indorsement.

CURRIER—THOMAS.

Fred H Currier of Exeter and Rebecca Thomas of this city were united in marriage at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at the Universalist parsonage, by Rev George E Leighton.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

**Ham, Shoulders and Bacon,
Fresh Green Vegetables,
Canned Corn, Peas, Beans, Tomatoes,
Meats and Fish,
Fresh Beef, Pork, Lamb and Veal.**

Fresh Fish Every Day.

Round Steak 2 Pounds For Twenty-five Cents.

TELEPHONE, 246-4. FREE DELIVERY

CITY MARKET,

Next Door To Post Office.

F. F. KELLUM.

BETTER TRADE

Off The

OLD PIANO

While you are at your renovating and house-cleaning. The spring is an excellent time to make the change. We allow full and honest values for old instruments in trade.

H. P. MONTGOMERY'S,

6 PLEASANT ST.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. F. S. Towle is visiting friends in Boston.

Howe Call is in Boston on a few days' visit.

Winslow Peirce today returned to his studies at Dartmouth college.

The health of Bishop Bradley of the Diocese of Manchester is steadily improving.

Thomas Russell of the Soldiers' Home, Tilton, is passing a few days at his old home here.

Mrs. Horace Waldron of Boston, formerly of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Howard.

James McGlinchey of Portland was here today on business in connection with the Portsmouth Brewing company.

Miss Nina G. Parker of New Bedford, Mass., who has been the guest of Mrs. A. P. Conner, returned home on Wednesday.

Samuel Barrett of Chicago arrived here this forenoon and went to his handsome home at New Castle, to arrange for its opening for the summer.

George Thompson, formerly manager of the Rockingham, passed through here today and stopped off long enough to greet old frineds about the depot.

Edward Thomas Turner, nephew of Governor Turnier of Wyoming, is passing the Easter vacation with Willard F. Walker, on Middle street. Both are pupils of St Paul's school, Concord, and are great friends.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

At a meeting of the directors of the Portsmouth Brewing company, held in the office of the company the 16th inst., the following resolutions were passed upon the death of Thomas Leary, vice president and brewmaster of the company:

Whereas, The directors of the Portsmouth Brewing company are called upon to mourn the loss, by death of their fellow member, vice president and brewmaster of the company, be it

Resolved, That his death is the cause of much sorrow to the directors, and to all the company, where his sound judgment as a member of the board and his superior skill as a brewmaster will long be felt and appreciated.

Resolved, That the community has sustained the loss of an honorable citizen, and one ever ready to extend a helping hand to those in need.

Resolved, That this company extend its heartfelt sympathy to his widow and children who have suffered the loss of a good husband and father, and a most generous provider.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the company, published in the daily papers of the city, and a copy forwarded to the widow of the deceased.

ARTHUR HARRIS, Pres.
W. F. HARRINGTON, Treas.
P HARRINGTON,
JAMES McGLINCHY.
Directors of the Portsmouth Brewing Co.
GEORGE W. POLLARD, Clerk.

THEIR CONDITION TODAY.

Harry Ladd, who had such a narrow escape from death on Noble's Island bridge Wednesday, is reported more comfortable today. He received cuts and bruises, but his main injury was the nervous shock. Percy DeCourcey, who jumped from the carriage, was about today with the aid of a cane.

BEGIN—MOORE.

The marriage of Joseph Begin, steward of the Kennebec Yacht club of Bath, Me., and Miss Eva Moore of North Edgecomb, Me., took place on Wednesday noon at the Middle street Baptist parsonage, Rev. George W. Gile performing the ceremony. After a short bridal trip, the couple will reside in Bath.

A RECORD BREAKER.

Wednesday's Tide Was the Highest For Thirty Years.

Local mariners say that the storm of Wednesday caused a tremendously high flood tide—in fact, the highest in the river here for thirty years.

At some of the piers, the water was lapping the cap logs, something that does not happen very often.

The scene along the river front was wildly grand and quite a number ventured down on the wharves to watch the waves.

It is rather fortunate that the storm did not accompany a high run of tides else great damage to property along the river would have resulted.

The gale was at its height about one o'clock in the afternoon, at the hour when the tide was at flood. There has been a high course of tides for several days, and this in conjunction with the gale made Wednesday's rise of water a record breaker.

Along the beaches the life saving crew members did extra duty patrolling. Many people braved the storm to witness the sea breaking on the shores.

A number of row boats were swamped along the South end, but it is not thought that they have been materially injured.

Many lobster pots belonging to local fishermen and many herring nets are set off here, and the boatmen anticipate serious loss to their gear. Some badly torn nets and broken pots have already been cast ashore on the beaches.

The high sea continues running today, washing the beaches badly and causing the life-saving patrolmen much discomfort.

The rainfall since Monday, as taken from the gauge at the pumping station, shows three-fourths of an inch. While this is a good fall, it is no record breaker.

Over at York Beach the waves washed the tracks of the electric road along Long Beach, but outside of a few small washouts no damage was done

The life saving crew had a rough night of it. The tide was especially high, while the sea broke over all bounds, putting them in danger while following the regular patrol paths

Two schooners came in during yesterday afternoon and made the harbor all right.

OBITUARY.

George Nelson.

George Nelson, one of South Eliot's most venerable residents, died at his home on Wednesday night. He was eighty-nine years of age the 3d of this month. All his life he had been an arden democrat. Mr. Nelson is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Henry Kenniston of this city and Mrs. Clara Jane Staples and Mrs. Alden Foster of Eliot.

Mrs. Eliza A. Dow.

Mrs. Eliza A. Dow, well known in this city, died at her home in Newburyport on Friday, aged seventy-seven years. She had been ill since Christmas. A daughter, Mrs. Nellie M. Rideout of Lynn, and two sons, Henry A. and George Dow, who are residents of California, survive her. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, and the interment was private.

Patrick Quinlan.

Patrick Quinlan died this morning at his home on McDonough street, after a short illness. He belonged in Dover and was employed in the steam engineering department at the navy yard. The body was taken to Dover this afternoon for interment.

WATCH FOR SATURDAY'S HERALD.

The Herald of next Saturday will be of especial interest to every member of the local labor unions. It will be worth the while for everybody else, also, to get a copy. Watch for Saturday's Herald.

SUNDAY FISHING.

Tale Of A Certain West End Young Man.

HOW HE WENT FORTH IN SEARCH OF TROUT.

And How He Came Sadly Home Without A Single Catch.

THE MORAL IS VERY PLAIN AND IT SHOULD BE HEEDED.

Here is a brief tale of Sunday fishing that has a moral.

It is about a West end young man who just at present is affected by a severe attack of trout fever.

He has had it in a mild form for some time, but last week it reached the actue stage and his friends decided that the only thing which could save him from nervous prostration was a visit to some fishing resort, where he could wet a line.

Thus it came to pass that he extracted from his weekly salary a five-dollar bill and invested it in fishing tackle, and made preparations to pass Easter Sunday at the brookside.

During the week he put in all his spare time in his room, where, with his jointed rod, a new fish line and an Archer spinner, he practiced catching imaginary trout out of the water pitcher ,and it is said that he got so proficient that he even swiped several doilies from the clothes reel in the back yard.

When Saturday night came, he was in a fever of anticipation. He told his friends that he was sure of getting a five-pounder, and that he should send it to his uncle in Boston.

When he went to bed he could not sleep, and at three o'clock in the morning was wide awake.

At four o'clock he could stand it no longer, and jumping out of bed, he girded up his loins in an appropriate manner, and seeking the front piazza, sat himself down to smoke and await the arrival of the early trolley car.

When his weary vigil was ended by the arrival of the car, he boarded it with a large party of others who were going "after Mayflowers." In due course of time he arrived at the brook which he had picked out some days before.

Could he have only pierced the veil which hides the future from the present, he would have remained at home, for he was destined to feel the pangs of what we call disappointment

The morning breezes had hardly begun to fan his fevered brow before he broke the tip of his rod, which put that necessary adjunct out of the business. Then he went to fishing with the reel in his hand, but e'er long he was still further convinced of the unkindness of fate by losing the whole outfit overboard, and today there rests somewhere at the bottom of a swift-running stream, five or six feet deep, a $1.50 expert reel, and about one hundred feet of braided fish line.

After that, the young man came home. There was nothing else to do.

It is not known that he wrote his Boston relative of his intended gift, and if he did not, all will be well, for that gentleman will probably never know that he missed a feast off one of the sweetest trout that ever swam in New Hampshire waters, just because his nephew went fishing Sunday.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

Many of the electric street lamps of the city were out on Wednesday evening and even those which were burning gave a very dim light. The leaden clouds obscured the stars and on some of the side streets the darkness was Egyptian.

TO CLOSE THEIR SHOPS.

The barbers are thinking of closing their shops on Friday during the funeral of John Roberts, the veteran barber. Mr. Roberts was the oldest barber in this city and many of the shop owners here learned their trade with him.

THIS EVENING'S EVENTS.

The opening of the Union Label fair at Freeman's hall, the regular meeting of the city government and the St. John's church sale at Peirce hall are scheduled for this evening.

The Potter Houses

ON

Willard Ave., Off Wibird St.,

FOR SALE.

Modern, up-to date, 8 room houses, of *4 rooms on a floor*, furnace, bath, pantry, china closet, etc., just completed and ready to occupy.

Terms easy if desired.

Frank D. Butler

3 MARKET ST.

Hours 9 to 12 A. M.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert E Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street, Near Market.

S. G. LONDRES

10 Cent Cigar

HAS NO EQUAL.

S. GRYMISH, M'F'G.

Your Winter Suit

Should be

WELL MADE,

It should be

STYLISH

And

PERFECT FIT.

The largest assortment of UP-TO DATE SAMPLES to be shown in the city

Cleansing, Turning And Pressing a Specialty.

D. O'LEARY,

Bridge Street.

The Evening Herald

A live local paper.

Enterprising, but not sensational.

HOME, not street circulation.

Only one edition daily hence:—

Every copy a family's readers

GEORGE A. TRAFTON

BLACKSMITH

AND

EXPERT HORSE SHOER.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.

NO. 118 MARKET ST

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UPHOLSTERER

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